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TORONTO, 1901.



The Good Man Happy.

Page 16

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B2595k

THE

LEISURE HOUR

IMPROVED;

OR,

Moral Miscellanies,

In Prose and Verse,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

[Barnard, Robert]

SECOND EDITION.



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2/1/0

IRONBRIDGE:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY WILLIAM SMITH.

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1811.

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MANY of the following Pieces are taken from a Manuscript Copy, written by a Parent with a view to the future improvement of his Children: and as he did not affix the authors' names to them, he cannot now recollect from whence many of them were copied. Such, however, as he can call to mind, are acknowledged in the contents. At the time of copying them, there was not the most distant view of their being published; but the holder of the manuscript having been solicited thereto, and a friend having kindly undertaken to revise them, as well as to furnish some Originals, they are now submitted to the public inspection; with a hope that the "Leisure Hour," which hath been occupied in *writing*, and which may be occupied in *reading*, them, will not have been spent in vain.

It is perhaps necessary to say, that those pieces to which the signature B. is affixed, are all original; likewise the two signed J. M an author the public well knows how to appreciate; and it is believed, a few others are also such.

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THE

Leisure Hour Improved.

PROSE.

On the right Method of Reading.

To read with profit and advantage, you should read with attention and deliberation; and endeavor to improve the truths you read, by remembrance. Without attention in reading, it is impossible to remember; and without remembering, it is time and labor lost, to read or learn.

Bishop Sanderson, having acquired a large fund of useful knowledge, was once asked how he attained it:—the enquirer supposing he must have read a great number of books. The Bishop answered, that he had read but very few; but that

those authors he had read were well chosen, that he had made them his study, and had never let a single sentence pass without thoroughly making himself master of the author's meaning. "There are some persons," says Dr. Watts, "who never arrive at any deep, solid, or valuable knowledge, in any science or business of life, because they are perpetually fluttering over the surface of things, in endless search of variety; ever enquiring after something that is new, without taking any pains to lay up and preserve the ideas they have gained." Their minds may be compared to a looking-glass, which receives a variety of impressions without retaining any.

On Happiness and Pleasure.

"Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh
For which we bear to live, or dare to die."

Pope.

PLACED by Providence on the palæstra of Life, every human being is a wrestler, and happiness is that prize for which he is bound to contend. He may bowl his bowl at the jack of pleasure, he

may level his rifle at the bull's eye of ease, shoot his arrow at the target of contentment, or tilt his spear at the ring with the courtly votaries of fame; but under whatever name, and seconded by whatever exertions, his first aim, and his ultimate hope, is HAPPINESS.

But what is happiness? Before we begin our course, it behoves us to define that object of which we are in search. What is happiness, and wherein is it distinguished from pleasure? Is pleasure sensual, while happiness is intellectual? Is the body alone gratified by pleasure, while happiness fills and satisfies the soul? Is pleasure transient, while happiness is eternal? Such is mine idea. I think that the fruition of happiness includes all that is substantially pleasant, while much of what men call pleasure may be enjoyed, without any real, positive, and enduring happiness.

In our translation of the Old Testament, the word pleasure is sometimes employed to convey an idea of celestial bliss. When that translation was made, our language was less fixed than it is at present; the intervening century hath changed the application of many words, and pleasure, it is probable, is now used in a much more circumscribed sense than it formerly was. When the modern moralist employs the word, he more often intimates

sensual gratification, mere local and temporary enjoyment, or the trifles with which folly amuses fashionable vacuity, than the sublime and rapturous feelings of conscious virtue. But such, evidently, were not the precise ideas of pleasure, which our translators of the sacred text entertained. And when we consider the imperfect notions of a bliss beyond the grave, which the Jews from the time of David to that of our Saviour held, and the undue stress which they laid on temporal advantages, we need not wonder at its use. Their grovelling sentiments to elevate, their wrong ideas of happiness to correct, was one great object of the Redeemer's mission. In the Old Testament there is a faint glimmering, but the GOSPEL of JESUS brought Life and Immortality to light. One page of his recorded doctrine, conveys more clear ideas, both of the vanity of mundane affairs, of the eternity of our being, and of what infinite importance are things eternal; of happiness as superior to, and contradistinguished from pleasure; than all the dogmas, which Hebrew Doctors ever taught, or Gentile Philosophers ever inculcated.

To man in pristine innocence, to man in perfect redemption, to glorified spirits of every degree, happiness and goodness are convertible terms. Their happiness consists in goodness, and their goodness is the most sublime happiness. But

it is incident to man's fallen and unregenerated nature, to perplex things that are plain, and to confuse things that are simple. We have lost our pure vision, and that sound understanding which alone can apprehend intellectual things, and groping in the night of sensuality, we call light darkness, and darkness, light; pain pleasure, and pleasure, pain.

"Know thyself!" was the admired adage of remote antiquity. So highly was it esteemed by the wise inhabitants of Greece, that they inscribed it on the pediment of their most sacred temple, and exalted it as the epigraph of him, whom they supposed, the giver of inspiration. "Know thyself!" is the unvarying tenor both of Hebrew and of Christian Scripture; and yet, in despite of all traditional, all recorded wisdom; in despite of the accumulated experience of all preceding generations; in despite of reason, and in despite of revelation; our men, miscalled of pleasure, are for ever endeavoring to elude this knowledge. Instead of scanning their own hearts, and evolving that most important truth, that the means of true and perfect felicity are there, and there only deposited; they are ever endeavoring to escape from themselves. The guest whom they seek is already in their own houses, and they persist in looking for him every where but there.

Why should any lament that life is brief, and that their days of probation are few, while they are so solicitous to abbreviate the one, and to reduce the number of the other; or as they express themselves, to "kill their time"? Whatever enables them to avoid self-reflection, and to "forget what manner of men they are", the children of this world call enjoyment. Though told on the highest authority, that "the ways of Religion are ways of Pleasure, and that all her paths are Peace', yet the perversity of the world appears to have established as its axiom, "that where pleasure is, there must be no religion; and that wherever religion obtrudes, there can be no pleasure". False, delusive, and most dangerous opinion! It was born of Darkness, for the use of Death; Death and Darkness therefore vouch for its verity, exalt its importance, and promulgate it with all their power.

A perfect happiness, bliss without alloy, is not to be found on this side of the grave. As, while hope remains, there can be no full and positive misery; so, while fear is yet alive, happiness is incomplete. Fear and hope must accompany the whole progress of our being here; while we live upon earth they must live also. But hope and fear will be buried with the larva of mortality; they are plants of time alone, and there is no soil in eternity on which they can grow. Then will the fruition

of happiness, or the pangs of misery, be complete. In the mean time, much of good is permitted us on earth; and whatever approaches we make to a real satisfaction of heart, the only sure basis of happiness, must be made through the medium of religion. Right wisely indeed, hath He who doeth all things well, placed the sphere of perfect felicity in eternity; since every effort of our lives, becomes thereby attracted to that focus, and converged to that centre. Yet enough of enjoyment is scattered over the path, to encourage the weary traveller, and to quicken his footsteps.

"Enough hath Heaven indulged of joy below
To tempt our tarriance in this loved retreat;
Enough hath Heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat."

John Scott.

That alloyed happiness which is permitted to man, doth not affect, exclusively, either the cottage or the palace; neither wealth nor poverty, elevation or depression, are essential to its production, but a well regulated mind.

Men seek for happiness in riches, and after a long life spent in the pursuit, they sink beneath a cumbrous load of earth, but happiness eludes their grasp. They seek for happiness in the world's honor, which when acquired by vio-

lence and bloodshed, is rated most highly, and hailed as glory; they cast away innocence, integrity, and health, to obtain it; and when their names are trumpeted abroad, when stars and ribbons bedeck their bosoms, they find that they have built their happiness on air, and that the same breath which brings it to their ear, bears it into empty space, ten thousands leagues away.

The true voluptuary is the man of virtue. For his use, but not for his abuse, the air abounds with birds, the earth with quadrupeds, the rivers and the ocean with fishes. For his use, but not for his abuse, the almond and the fig-tree blossom, the vine and the olive yield their fruits. He who looks through earth to heaven, can perceive more beauties in God's creation, and enjoy them with a better relish, than he whose prospects are bounded by the tomb. If the earth offers incense from her broad censer, if the birds sing hymns to their Creator; he partakes the incense, and he unites with the hymn. The park of the nobleman; the pleasure-grounds of the gentleman; the sublimities of rude, and the chaste elegance of decorated nature; the good man can enjoy as he passes by them, more perhaps, than he who claims their transient possession. For what is their owner but a passenger? That consciousness of their evanescence, which strikes the worldly-minded possessor with many a

pang, is to the heaven-bound traveller, a never failing source of delight. He well knows that his Heavenly Father, who hath created this world so wondrous fair, as a temporary residence to his creature man, during his short period of expiatory exile; hath in reserve for purified spirits a Paradise, of a far more exceeding and enduring beauty.

Religion alone can confer happiness, and that happiness which she confers, is proof against every accident. "Wherever we go, it will lead us; whenever we sleep, it will keep us; and whenever we awake, it will talk with us." We may apply to Religion, all that Cicero so eloquently said of learning, with this important addition; that having been our companion in the city, and in the country; in society, and in solitude; at home, and abroad: it will make for us all our bed in sickness, and sweeten for us the bitterness of death. Religion will never leave us, nor forsake us, until by her care we are safely established in her own peculiar and everlasting kingdom, where all the hierarchies of heaven, cherubim and seraphim sing together, and where all the redeemed of our God shall shout together for joy.

As Religion in its militant state alone bestows a foretaste of happiness, so religion triumphant alone confers its perfect and full fruition. For

that Happiness, Heaven is the synonime. It mocks all language, it soars beyond all imagination; it pervades immensity, it accompanies eternity, and OMNISCIENCE alone can apprehend it.

B.

On Humility.

" The supercilious and the vain, the arrogant and the proud, should be taught to understand that Humility is the foundation-stone of felicity."

HE that would build to last, should lay his foundation low: even the conversation of a man is tottering, if it be not founded on humility. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves, and fresh in color; but, bruised and broken with every wind, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use: whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's chilling blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which appears so flourishing; like the pyramid he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent; and

still the higher he is the less doth he draw at the top, as if the nearer heaven, the smaller he must appear: and indeed the higher man approacheth to celestials, the more he doth consider God, and sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem. Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds; it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils; but in a ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful.

We are sent to the ant for industry, to the lion for valor, to the dove for innocence, but for Humility, unto God himself. What is that man the worse who lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him, who takes what is not his due; but the prudence rests with him, who in the sereneness of his own worth, does not value it. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presume to usher in the day before him.

Humility prevents disturbance, it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. I had rather be accounted too humble, than a little proud. Even in gold, the stiffest is the basest; but the purest is the most ductile.

How he must Live that would Live Well.

WHOEVER neglects his duty to God, to his neighbor, or to himself, halts in something that should make life commendable. Did every man preserve a life of order, what harmony would exist in kingdoms, in cities, in families! to maintain this, how useful and needful is charity! without charity, a man cannot even be truly sociable. If there be any thing sweet in humanity, it is in the intercourse of beloved society, where every one is each other's counsellor, mind, and solace. Such a life as this, I take to be best pleasing both to God and man; nor yet can this be truly pleasant, unless a man be careful to give to God the honor that is due to him. When a man shall perform this three-fold duty, he shall find a peace within that shall fit him for whatever befalls him. He shall not have to fear himself, for he knows his course is order; he shall not fear the world, for he knows he has not done any thing to offend it; he shall have humble hope of heaven, for he knows he shall there find the favor of a servant, and of a son. Let me live thus, and I care not though the world slight my innocence.

On Reprehension.

To reprehend properly, is the most difficult, as well as the most needful, office of true friendship; for who is it that will not sometimes merit reproof? And who can endure it? Yet how can a friend give greater proof of his regard, than in preventing danger before its birth; or in bringing a man to safety, who is on the road to ruin? When thou chidest a wandering friend, do it secretly, in season, and wiih affection: the presence of a multitude will sometimes induce a a man to make an unjust defence, rather than fall in a just shame; to avoid the finger of scorn being pointed at him. To admonish a man in the height of his passion, is to call a soldier to council in the heat of a battle: the end of passion is often the beginning of repentance; when a word seasonably given will sometimes, like a rudder, steer a man quite another course. To be plain, argues honesty; but to be pleasing, by gently administering truth, argues discretion, and is the way of wisdom. Let the offender always see your affection, without feeling your arrogance. Let the man who gives advice, guard against apparent superiority. If humility be accompanied

with affection, the bluster of self-defence will soon subside into gratitude; but if a friend must be lost, the best way to lose him, is by seeking kindly to save him. Let me endeavor to practise these precepts, and I can then only be hated for my goodness; and against this poison I shall prove my own antidote.

No one suffers reprehension so mildly as he who most deserves respect and praise.

On Fame.

IT seems strange, that man should be excited by the desire of a noble fame and memory after his death, when the account must pass upon his actions, and not upon the report of others. Virtue were a kind of misery, if fame only were all the garland that crowned her. Glory alone, would be a reward incompetent for the toils of industrious man: this follows him but upon earth; whereas, in heaven is laid up a more noble, more essential, recompence. Yet, in others, I will honor the fame where deserving deeds have given birth to it: in myself, I will regard those actions only that may

merit it. I will not, for myself, seek it; though I shall be glad if it may be permitted to follow me, to excite others that they may go beyond me: If I can but tread the path that leads to it, I shall, on my own account, be content.

Check thyself, vain man, that with the ardor of a diseased fancy dost pursue fleeting shadows! Love substances, and hear what BOETHIUS tells thee:——

" He that seeks a glorious prize,
Thinking that the top of all,
Let him view th' expanded skies,
And the earth's contracted ball:
Then blush, to think that glory's plan
Is bounded by the breath of man."

The Christian's Settledness on God.

THOUGH man circuit about with ever so many ambiguous turnings, yet, like a disunited element, he is never at quiet repose until he makes up to the centre of his soul, his God. All things that put him out of the quest of heaven, are but

diversions and disturbances, which may be considered as impediments to the necessary adoration of his maker.

Though the pleasures, profits, and honors, of this world, may sometimes draw him out of his usual course, yet he wavers up and down in trouble, and is never at rest, until he returns to his wonted joy and inward happiness; there it is that his centre points, and there his circle is bounded: in God, as in the root for fecundity, are the causes of all felicity. All the oriental lustre of the richest gems; all the enchanting beauties of exterior shape; the exquisite of all forms; the loveliness of color; the harmony of sound; the heat and brightness of the enlivening sun; the heroic virtue of the bravest minds; with the purity and quickness of the highest intellect; are all emanations from the Supreme Deity. If we find any thing in the creature that is but faintly amiable, we may be sure, in God to find it in immense perfection. Absalom's beauty, Jonathan's love, David's valor, Solomon's wisdom, the prudence of Augustus, the eloquence of Cicero, with whatsoever else we most admire, the purity of Virgins, the innocence of Wisdom, and the intelligence of all.

Is it not wonderful, that the brittle, weak, and short-lived pleasures of this world should cap-

tivate the soul, which, as fire flies upwards, is naturally formed to ascend to beatitude in its great Creator? A full delight in earthly things, argues a neglect of heavenly: If I trust to the former, I may surely suspect myself of a confidence where there is no stability.

On Dissimulation.

IT is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth: this is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character where we can see no heart; those foldings of art through which no native affection is able to penetrate; present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly in youth. Dissimulation, in youth, is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame: it degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt, both with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth; in all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candor possess the most powerful charm:

they bespeak universal favor, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and a safe way; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not easy to stop; one artifice leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of thel abyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct; whereas openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To give an early preference to honor above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be obtained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness; and to stoop to no dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution: it is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom: it is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candor of an enlarged and noble mind: of one who scorns deceit because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

It is dangerous to deviate from truth, even on the most trifling occasions; however guileless

may be our intentions, the habit, if indulged, may take root, and gain on us unawares, under the cover of various pretences, till it usurps a leading influence on our conduct.

We gain nothing by falsehood, but the disadvantage of not being credited when we speak the truth.

On the Improvement of Time.

TO make a proper use of that short and uncertain portion of time alloted us for our mortal pilgrimage, is a proof of wisdom; to use it with economy, and dispose of it with care, discovers prudence and discretion. Let, therefore, no part of your time escape without making it subservient to the wise purposes for which it was given you: 'tis the most inestimable of treasures.

You will find a constant employment of your time conducive to health and happiness; and not only a sure guard against the encroachments of vice, but the best recipe for contentment. Seek employment; langor and ennui shall be unknown:

avoid idleness, banish sloth, vigor and cheerfulness will be your enlivening companions: admit not guilt to your hearts, and terror shall not interrupt your slumbers. Follow the footsteps of virtue; walk steadily in her paths: she will conduct you through pleasant and flowery paths to the temple of peace; she will guard you from the wily snares of vice, and heal the wounds of sorrow and disappointment which time may inflict.

By being constantly and usefully employed, the destroyer of mortal happiness will have but few opportunities of making his attacks; and by regularly filling up your precious moments, you will be less exposed to dangers: venture not then to waste one hour, lest the next should not be yours to squander; hazard not a single day in guilty or improper pursuits, lest the day which follows should be ordained to bring you an awful summons to the tomb; a summons to which youth and age are equally liable.

"Reading improves the mind;" and you cannot better employ a portion of your leisure time than in the pursuit of knowledge. By observing a regular habit of reading, a love of it will soon be acquired. It will prove an unceasing amusement, and a pleasant resource in the hours of sorrow and discontent; an unfailing antidote against langor

and indolence. Much caution is, however, necessary in the choice of books; it is among them, as among human characters; many would prove dangerous and pernicious advisers; they tend to mislead the imagination, and give rise to a thousand erroneous opinions, and ridiculous expectations.

I would not, however, wish to deprive you of the pleasures of society, or of rational amusement; but let your companions be select; let them be such as you can love for their good qualities; and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate: let your amusements be such as will tend not to corrupt and vitiate, but to correct and amend the heart.

Finally, I would earnestly request you never to neglect employing a portion of your time in addressing your heavenly Father; in paying him that tribute of prayer and praise which is so justly his due, as "the author of every good and perfect gift"; as our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being"; and without whose blessing none of our undertakings will prosper.

Thus, by employing the time given you in the service of virtue, you will pass your days with

comfort to yourself, and those around you; and, by persevering to the end, shall at length obtain "a crown of glory, which fadeth not away."

Rules for a right Conduct.

YOU should gain the favor of your superiors without meanness, treat your equals with esteem and friendship, and suffer not your inferiors to be sensible of your superiority, preserving in all your actions a becoming deportment.

Respect is ever due to persons in elevated situations, but this is merely external; genuine respect and esteem are due only to merit. When fortune has concurred with virtue in raising a man to eminence, he commands a double empire: but never suffer the mere tinsel of grandeur either to dazzle or deceive you. They are low and grovelling souls who are always prostrate at the shrine of exterior greatness. Separate a man from his titles and his retinue, and examine what he is, abstractedly. There is a greatness very superior to that arising from authority. Neither birth nor

riches really distinguish men: the true criterion of superiority, is merit. The title of a truly honest man, ranks above every title in the universe.

To be civil to all, serviceable to many, familiar with few, a friend to one, and an enemy to none, are requisite qualifications to enjoy a happy life.

On Self-Love.

IF you design to be happy only for yourself, you will never be happy; for every one will dispute the matter with you: but if you have an inclination to participate in promoting the general cause of happiness, every one will be ready to contribute a portion.

All vices favor self-love; all virtues combine to oppose its power. Valor exposes it; modesty humbles it; generosity strips it naked; moderation mortifies it; and zeal for the public good sacrifices it. The best kind of self-love is the love of virtue; to love vice, is to indulge a base and mistaken propensity.

On Vice.

THE pleasures of vice, if pleasures they can be called, are of short duration, and leave behind them the most painful remembrances. To the confirmed profligate, these remembrances act as inducements to plunge into fresh excesses, and he endeavors to drown them in a new delirium; but with the novice in guilt, they produce a contrary effect, and seldom fail to be succeeded by a momentary enthusiasm in the cause of virtue. Therefore carefully attend to these first impressions; they are the surest criterions of right and wrong; and are the least sophisticated of all our decisions respecting our own conduct.

Whatever certain philosophers may talk of the calm and dispassionate investigation of our reason, rely upon it, that whatever the untainted heart condemns, the untainted judgment cannot approve.



On Religion.

RELIGION, in its most general view, is such a sense of God on the soul, and such a conviction of our obligations to him, and dependance upon him, as should engage us to make it our great care to conduct ourselves in a way which we have reason to believe will be pleasing to him. It is a true sense of religion, a full persuasion of an invisible power, who sees and knows every thing, and as we behave ill or well in this world, will accordingly reward or punish us in another, which only can restrain our giddy passions, control our headstrong appetites, and stop us in the full career of sin and folly: for this reason, as well as others, the imprinting an early and due sense of religion on the minds of youth, is an essential part of education.

All sorts of men that have gone before us into an eternal state, have left this great observation behind them;—that upon experience they have found, that what vain thoughts soever men may, in the heat of their youth, entertain of religion, they will sooner or later feel a testimony, God hath given it in every man's breast, which will one day make them serious, either by the inexpressible fears, terrors,

and agonies of a troubled mind, or the inconceivable peace, comfort, and joy, of a good conscience.

Although profane minds may ridicule the idea of such a divine impression on the soul, there is a secret commerce between God and the souls of good men: they feel the influence of Heaven, and become both wiser and better for it: and therefore to those who are so happy as to be properly affected by religion, piety and devotion are their eternal comforts; and the practice of their duty is an everlasting pleasure.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, (however otherwise commendable), without devotion, is but a cold, lifeless, insipid, condition of virtue; and is rather to be stiled philosophy, than real substantial religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and animates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

The most illiterate man, if sincere and frequent in the exercise of devotion, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him far above others of the like condition in life; and there is an indelible

mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise: for the fervors of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this, a man in the lowest condition, will not appear mean; nor in the most splendid fortune, insolent.

It is a great disgrace to religion, to imagine it an enemy to mirth and cheerfulness, and a severe exactor of pensive looks and solemn faces. The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.

The greatest and wisest of men, in all ages and countries, were renowned for their piety and virtue. Those in our own nation that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the Christian Religion: witness Boyle, Locke, Newton, Addison, Bacon, and others. The examples of such, among many other first names in philosophy, are a sufficient evidence that religious belief is perfectly compatible with the clearest and most enlarged understanding.

Religion I would have you both awfully to reverence, and devoutly to practise; but not as the hypocrites do, as a sort of commutation with the world, for living like a cannibal, and preying upon their fellow creatures. God is a Spirit; worship him then in Spirit and in truth; not with unmeaning words and ostentatious ceremonies. Come before him with the incense of an innocent and virtuous life; and wherever you address him, either with prayer or praise, he will not be slow to hear, or backward to accept the grateful offering. To believe that you are always within the reach, and under the care, of his providence, is an everlasting source of comfort: to remember you are ever in his eye, and that all your actions, words, and thoughts, are registered before him, will preserve you sinless, though surrounded with temptations.

Though I would have you consider the present life as a state of probation, and the future as the certain rectifier and rewarder of all the good and evil committed here; yet, live innocently, live honestly, live usefully, and if possible, apart of that interesting consideration. Men discharge their duty to the world, who act uprightly, whatever is their motive: but they are best acquitted to themselves, who love and practise virtue for its own divine perfections.

" O thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides;
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine, alone, to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest:
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end."

Dr. Johnson.

On the Study of History.

ONE quarter of an hour's reflection does more toward the improvement of the mind, than a large portion of reading. We have much less to fear from ignorance, than misrepresentation. Reflection is the guide which leads to truth. Facts only are to be considered as authorities for supporting reason, or as subjects to exercise it. The first science of man, is the study of himself.

To study history, is to study the passions and opinions of mankind: it is to unmask their actions, which appeared great, while veiled and sanctioned by success; but when the ruling motive is considered, they become contemptible. The

motive of an action should be examined before it be applauded.

History may be considered as a register of times, and a picture of manners: it is there where we may discover ourselves, without any offence to our vanities.

Among the many portentous evils that threaten both the present age and posterity, there are few which are more to be deplored than the general diffusion of visionary writings of what are termed novelists: and of all the mirrors fabricated by the press, and held up to the public, there are none more common or more fallacious than those fictitious histories which go under the name of novels and romances; where, for the most part, the modesty of nature is overstepped, reason is degraded into sentiment, human language and human manners are almost lost in rant, affectation, and intrigue. When the world is viewed in such representations, it is scarcely to be known again. For any one to take his ideas from such exhibitions, would be no less an injustice to the world, than a disgrace to his understanding. What can be more deplorable, than that young persons, instead of being taught to consider the present life as a state of serious trial, where much is to be endured and much to be forborne, should be

flattered with the destructive imagination that its great end is pleasure and amusement? What can be more lamentable, than that by wrong principles early imbibed, the few days of man on earth should be embittered by a perpetual disappointment, and at length terminated by a querulous and miserable old age, without any cheering prospect beyond the grave? This, certainly, is but ill to know the world, even in point of present enjoyment; and to know it still less in its relation to the world to come.

There is one volume which describes the world in a manner perfectly unexceptionable; others there may be, but they are such as are derived from it. In almost all others, it is either flattered or disparaged; it is either transformed into a paradise, or into a howling wilderness: the Bible only represents it as it is; fallen indeed from its primitive glory and happiness, but not into hopeless guilt and misery: not into a condition destitute of the light and grace of heaven, or (to the humble christian,) unprovided with ample support and comfort.

The Bible, if attentively studied, will supply the most sequestered hermit with a comprehensive knowledge of man, both in his individual and collective capacity: there, he may trace human

nature through every point of gradation, from the lowest state of depravity to the highest attainable excellence; there, society is presented to his view in every degree of civilization, and under almost every form of government: there, too, he may contemplate the relative state of nations, in their commerce, their leagues, and their hostilities: and all this delivered with a truth and simplicity which would elsewhere be sought in vain. The Bible is the brightest mirror of the Deity; there we discern not only his being, but his character; not only his character, but his will; not only what he is in himself, but what he is to us, and what we may expect at his hand. This knowledge of God, can only be acquired by close attention to the objects in which his wisdom is displayed, and revealed to us only in Scripture.

The most towering philosopher, "though he exalt himself as the eagle, and set his nest among the stars," must stoop to divine instruction; that is, he must divest himself of all vain opinion of his scientific abilities; he must renounce the proud and visionary theories of men, who conceal their impiety, and oftentimes their ignorance, under the name of reason; and must come with the simplicity of a child to the school of the despised Nazarene, to be taught the first elements of divine knowledge; or he will find that all his

parts and speculations will only serve to work him more deeply into error. It is to the want of this submission of the understanding, so highly becoming a sinner and a creature, that we must chiefly ascribe that awful prevalence of infidelity and atheism, that marks the age in which we live.

God invisible, but ever present, ever near.

MUCH is seeing, feeling man, actuated by the objects around him: all his powers are roused, impelled, directed, by impressions made on his sensitive organs; yet objects of sense have only a definite force upon him. On the edge of the ocean, man trembles at the vast expanse; but he tries the depth at the shore, finds it but a few feet, and no longer fears to enter it. The waves there, cannot overtop his head; he therefore regards it no longer with fear. Nay, he builds a vessel, and makes the tremendous ocean his servant: wields its vastness for his use; dives to the bottom to rob it of its treasures; or

makes its surface convey him to distant shores. Thus is the unfathomable deep made subservient to the purposes of man. A much smaller object shall affect him more, where his senses are less distinctly acted upon, but his imagination is somewhat roused. He travels in the dark; he starts at a slight indistinct noise; he knows not but it may be a wild beast lurking, or a robber ready to seize upon him. Could he have distinctly seen what alarmed him, he had unalarmed passed on; it was only the rustling of the leaves, waved gently by the wind. He stops to consider well, for he hears the sound of water falling; a gleam from its foaming surface sparkles on his eye, but he cannot tell how near he is to it, or how distant; how exactly it may be in his path; how tremendously deep the abyss into which he may fall at the next step: had it been daylight, could he have examined thoroughly, he had then passed it without notice; his own foot would have stopped the trickling current.

This effect of indistinctness rousing the imagination, is finely depicted in JOB, chap. IV, verse 14, "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof." The eye could not discern any specific form;

the touch could not examine the precise nature of the object: the imagination therefore had full scope. The mind was roused beyond the power of sensible objects to stimulate it; and the body felt an agitation, greater than if its senses had been fully acted on:—the certainty of an object so near him, joined to the uncertainty of what might be its powers, intentions, and actual operations, impressed him deeply with awe, expectation, and anxiety. How absurd then, how contrary to all their feelings in other cases, is the conduct of infidels, who affect to despise God, and to deny his existence, because they cannot see him! or who, without affecting this, do actually forget and neglect him, from this very circumstance! Men, who can be appalled by some distant danger, and grow courageous against one near at hand; who tremble at a fellow-man, or a crawling reptile, and only then shew carelessness and hardihood, when their foe is ALMIGHTY!

Without enquiring what Elipház saw, let us apply these ideas to the supreme Spirit: let us meditate on an object of the greatest possible importance—THE INVISIBLE GOD:—the more impressively important, because invisible! Let us, for a moment, suppose the contrary to be the case. Suppose the Deity to be the object of our senses: he then loses much of his Majesty; he becomes fix-

ed to one spot, that in which we can see him; must be distant from many other places; and when revealing himself in other places, must be far distant from us, even at a time when his presence would be most desirable. Nay, we should begin to comprehend him, and to philosophize upon him. Were he as vast as the starry heavens, we could measure him: bright as yonder sun, we should contrive to gaze upon him: energetic as the vivid lightning, we should bring him down to our conception: in no form can we conceive of his being the object of sense, but we reduce him to a mere creature;—give him some definable shape,—reduce him to a man, or a mere idol,—and have then need to provide him a temple made with hands, for his accommodation.—So that if a man "had seen God at any time," he might be expected to fail rather than abound in devotion, from that very circumstance.

If indeed there were any doubts of his existence, (but that man is incapable of reasoning, who reasons thus,) there are proofs enough that "he is on our right hand, though we do not see him;—that he works on our left hand, though we cannot behold him." Instead of asking, with the sneer of doubt, "Where is he?"—or carelessly thinking, "Tush! shall God see?"—a much more rational behaviour is, with awe and reverence to say, "Whi-

ther can I flee from thy presence?—thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me." An omnipresent Almighty ought to fill us with seriousness; and the uncertainties which belong to his operations, where, how, when, he will work, should fill us with deep, lasting, and constant awe!

He exists! The thought makes a temple of every place I may be in. To realize it, is to begin actual worship, whatever I may be about; to indulge it, is to make all other existences fade away.

He is present! What may he not see? The actions of my hands he beholds, the voice of my words he hears, and the thoughts of my heart he discerns. Could I see him, I might guard against his penetrating eye, or act something in secret safe from his inspection; but, present, without my being able to discern him, I ought to be watchful every way: the slightest error may fill me with the most awful apprehensions!

He is near! "Even now, (says conscience) he may be preparing his vengeance, whetting his glittering sword, or drawing to the head the arrow of destruction." Could mine eye see his movements I might be upon my guard: might flee

to some shelter, or shrink away from the blow. But a judge so near, and yet so indiscernible, may well alarm me, lest the act of iniquity meet an immediate reward, and the blasphemous prayer receive too ready an answer from his hot thunderbolt!

He is a Spirit! What is it he cannot do? Vast are his powers, quick his discernment, invisible his operations! No sword can reach him, no shield can protect against him; no placid countenance deceive, no hypocritical supplication impose upon him:—He is in my inmost thought in every volition: he supports the cogitating principle, while it determines on its rebellions, or plans some mode by which to elude his all-penetrating perception. Vain is every attempt at evasion or resistance; God is a Spirit, is present every moment, surrounds every object, watches my steps, and re-acts upon me accordingly, though I cannot discern his form, measure his power, or watch his movements.

I see him "pass before my face" in the bright walks of nature; but "I cannot discern his form." The rich landscape shews him wise, good, and bounteous; but how bounteous, good, or wise, who can, from the richest landscape, be able to guess? The brilliant sun gives a glimpse of his brightness; the vast starry concave shews me his

immensity; but how bright, how immeasurably great, it were presumption to say. Hark! he speaks in that bursting thunder; see, he moves in that crashing earthquake; he shines in that blazing comet: so much I can easily discern, but God is still far above my comprehension. I see nothing but the hidings of his power,—himself is yet unknown.

He guides the affairs of providence. I see him "pass before my face, but I cannot discern his form." Who but he could have raised up the Pharaoh, the Nebuchadnezzar, of ancient or of modern days? Who but he could have rooted up a firmly fixed throne, and poised a mighty nation on the slender pivot of a stripling's energies? I have seen him "pass before me" in my own concerns, leading me in a path I had not known, stopping me when on the verge of some destruction, filling my exhausted stores, and soothing my chafed mind to sweet serenity. I could not but say, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderous in my eyes." But "I cannot discern the form of him;" I know not what he will next do; nor dare I walk with presumptuous steps, nor repose with self-complacent gratulation, and say, "my mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved;" lest he hide his face for a moment, and I be troubled; or withhold his hand, and I die.

I see "a Spirit stand before me;" I hear his voice in the secret recesses of conscience; I find there is a God, I feel that he is near me; "he stands still" full in view, with appalling indistinctness; so that, "I tremble, and the hair of my flesh stands up." Yes, "I cannot discern the form." I know not what affrights, stops, crushes me. Company I hate; for it neither dispels my sensations, nor harmonizes with them. In solitude I am fearful and uneasy*; for the invisible presence is there seen, and the unknown power felt, in all its influence. To deny that some one is acting on me, would be to deny that I see, I feel, am conscious. Could I tell what, or who, or how, I might call up the wisdom, or the courage of a man to my assistance; but it is the unknown, yet well-known, the indiscernible, yet surely seen, the incomprehensible, yet understood, untangible, yet felt, and ever-present God, that awes my trembling frame, and melts the boldest wishes of my daring mind, to irresolute determinations, inefficacious exertions, and the stubborn submission of an unwilling soul.

*Zimmerman observes, "no one can be truly great, till he has gained a knowledge of himself; a knowledge which can only be acquired by *occasional retirement*." Solitude is that intellectual state, in which the mind voluntarily surrenders itself to its own reflections. A person may be frequently solitary, without being alone. "Nunquam minus solus quam solus."

Ah! let this ever-present Invisible encircle me with his mercy, defend me with his power, fill me with his peace, and save me by his Almighty grace. Then, though I "discern not his form", I shall be conscious of his presence; and the delightful consciousness shall fill me with reverence indeed, but not make "my flesh to tremble." It shall soothe my sorrows, inspire my hopes, give me confidence in danger, and supplies in every necessity. The consciousness of his nearness, approbation, mercy, shall enable me, like Moses, "to endure, as seeing him who is invisible."

How to be always easy.

AN Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties, without repining; and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate, if he would communicate to him the secret of being always easy: "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret,

and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself: "Most willingly," returned the bishop; "in whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here, is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who in all respects are more unhappy than myself. Thus, I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have either to repine or complain."

Advice to a Young Man.

1. I presume you desire to be happy here and hereafter. You know there are a thousand difficulties which attend the pursuit; some of them perhaps, you foresee; but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust, therefore, to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a

wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason; since the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lie in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed, are those children of pride, who choose to turn heathens in the midst of Great Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of Christianity, and the blessings of Divine Revelation and Grace.

2. Whatsoever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your Bible as your best treasure: and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon religion as your best business. Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world: and religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

3. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the book of Psalms:—David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourselves with the whole book of Proverbs:—Solomon was a man of great experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the Gospels and Epistles:—you will find the best of rules,

and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the christian life.

4. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions. As a neighbor, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness: and bestow your charity upon the poor and needy, according as your circumstances will admit. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's before you, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them."

5. While you make the precepts of Scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage rest upon the promises of Scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The Spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

6. In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessings and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion; meditate on him in this view,

with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

7. You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature, and a sinner; and you profess to be a christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus: but never think you know Christ, nor yourself, as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification: and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, JOHN, chap. xiv, v. 6, "No man cometh to the father but by me."

8. Make prayer a pleasure and not a task; and then you will not forget nor omit it. If you have lived in a praying family, let it not be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the Church, the certain and indispensible duties of the closet, or any other necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear religion would

have been lost out of the world: and every day of the week exposed to a curse, which has no morning religion.

9. See that you watch and labor, as well as pray. Diligence and dependance must be united in the practice of every christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, that the "hand of the diligent," and the "blessing of the Lord," joined together, "make us rich;" PROVERBS, chap. x. v. 4, and 22: rich in the treasures of body and mind, of time or eternity. It is your duty, indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid the evil of sin, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity. Set a double guard, wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

10. Pride, profit, and pleasure, have sometimes been called the world's trinity; they are its three chief idols: each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle

insinuations, if you would be innocent and happy. Remember that the honor that comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road to heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest. Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Remember also, the words of the wise man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" he that indulges himself in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, shall not be rich. It is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerate age, when men become "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God." And that "fleshly lusts war against the soul," is St. Peter's caveat to the christians of his time.

11. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed, that under any scruple, doubt, or temptation, whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient apology to the great Judge at the last day.

12. Keep this thought ever in your mind. It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful: prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teazing and vexatious. In every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience; and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies: the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart dwell much in these serene regions: live a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

13. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," be your daily work. A frequent renewal of these exercises, which make a christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere christianity; and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

14. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day.

Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprise and hurry, in every thing that belongs to them: when the time is come, they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul, and your shop, your trade, and your religion, be always in such order, as far as possible, that death, at a short warning, may give no occasion for a disquieting tumult in your spirit; and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour.

WISDOM and virtue, as well as riches and honor, come from God. Destitute of his favor, you are in no better situation, with all your supposed abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desart; without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Let such ill founded arrogance be corrected. Expect not that your happiness can be independant of him who made you. By faith and repentance apply to the Redeemer of the world; by piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven. In fine, remember the solemn words in

which a great Prince delivered his dying charge to his son; words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave them deeply on the tablet of his heart:—"Thou Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee: but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever."

On the Advantages of a well cultivated Mind.

IT is not without reason that those who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate, valuable beyond estimation, and various as the scenes of human life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God, in the creation of the universe, and his providential government of the immense system of the material

and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement. He can never be solitary; for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation: his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind.

How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one who has observed how heavy the vacuities of time hang upon minds, unfurnished with images, and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and may be varied to infinity.

Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace, and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be

given to an infinite number of things, which singly and separately taken are of little moment, but collectively considered, form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, or at least of a different kind, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

The time of action will not always continue; the young ought ever to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of

furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipiate the vexations arising from baffled projects or disappointed hopes, and relieve the tedium of that season of life when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can then receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature will then furnish it with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford it substantial consolation. A well-spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age: no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated.

Old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have, in the earlier part of life, neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigor irrecoverably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant

prospects left far behind, without the possibility of return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible encroachments of age with its disagreable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change, which although they knew to be certain, they had scarcely expected, or for which at least they had made no preparation. A person, in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself. Destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacuity left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life.

All this is the consequence of squandering away the days of youth and vigor without acquiring the habit of thinking. Excepting the case of the very lowest classes of society, to whom indigence has precluded the means of education, and continued labor has allowed no leisure for reflection, the period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge; and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation and enquiry. The

various phænomena of the moral as well as physical world, the investigation of science, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes, which continually harrass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves; and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.



On History in general, and Ecclesiastical History in particular.

NO study is more important, no study is more universally interesting, than that of history. To that man, who occupies the present hour, and who runs the present race of life, it greatly interests, and it highly behoves, to learn, how preceding men have occupied their fleeting days: with what honor, or with what shame, other mortals have ran their race of existence before him. This knowledge to supply is the province of history. But alas! What pleasurable incidents can history unfold? The history of all nations, furnishes a perpetual commentary on the wise dogma of a Hebrew Prophet, "The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." The page of history is every where blackened by the wars of mankind. Envy, jealousy, and ambition, beget wars; fraud, violence, and cruelty, conduct them; and they terminate, not unfrequently, in mutual imbecility, and in mutual repentance. What is called prophane history, exhibits our nature on its worst side: it is the history of perverse passions, of mean self-love, of revenge, hatred, extravagance, and folly.

But there is a history, which derives from a higher source, and is far more elevated in its aim. It is the moral history of mind. It declares the origin, it elucidates the progress, and it unfolds the final destiny of man. It presents human life to us in its proper point of view, as a short period of expiation for the past, of probation for the present, or of preparation for the future. Began by the Divine Providence for purposes of exceedingly great benevolence, it is furnished with abundant means of grace, and it will be the fault of man alone, if it issues not in indescribable happiness. The history to which I allude, is that of God's dispensation to mankind: a history, more venerable in its antiquity, more pure in its sources, more interesting in its events, more excellent in its simplicity, and yet more elevated by its dignity, than any other history which the world can furnish.

The early part of this history, is contained in a number of books, written by different authors, composed at different periods, and preserved down from generation to generation, with reverence and care. The Hebrew nation may appear to have been kept, during a long course of ages, separate and aloof from all others, that it might, the more effectually, guard and secure this precious deposit. Ezra, or Esdras, after his return from Babylon to Jerusalem, collected these scattered writings,

collated, completed, and arranged them in chronological order. He also added thereto, the divine odes of his nation, didactic poems, and the predictions of the prophets.

This collection of sacred books was translated into Chaldee, and soon afterwards into Greek, for the use of the scattered Israelites, many of whom no longer understood the original Hebrew. This latter translation was called, Biblos, or, The Book, by way of pre-eminence, and of distinction; which name, or a derivative therefrom, it still retains, in every language, and in every country. This book, comprises a record of God's dealings with his ancient people the Jews, and is therefore known amongst christians by the stile of, the Ancient Covenant, or, the Old Testament.

When in the fulness of time, Messiah came, to bring back the long lost felicities of paradise, and to restore the fallen dignity of human nature, other historians arose, who have transmitted to posterity, the particulars, of his most instructive, and interesting life. Two of these, were the disciples and companions of their Lord; and two, were companions to, and contemporary with, his disciples and apostles. The first Shepherds of the Christian Church, sought to supply, by exhortatory epistles, their own occasional absence from their newly ga-

thered congregations. These epistles, addressed to particular congregations, were by them received with reverence, read publicly in their assemblies, preserved with care, and interchangeably communicated to other Churches. From these letters, from the transactions of the Apostles as recorded by Luke, and from the gospels, another volume was gradually formed. Though supplementary to the Bible, it was held of primary value and importance, and was incorporated with it, under the name of the New Covenant, or the New Testament.

Since those days, wherein the Son of God acted and taught, and his Evangelists recorded, what hath been the increase of the everlasting gospel? Hath that righteousness, which is intended to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, made much progress during the last fifteen centuries? Hath it made any? Is the number, even of nominal christians, greater now, than it was in the fourth century? Of all this there is sufficient reason to doubt.

When we consider, the wonderful progress which this divine religion made, during the first three centuries; when we behold it, swelling like a majestic river, and sweeping away before it, those strong barriers of superstition, which the darkness of ages had accumulated; we are led to enquire,

what new, and unforeseen circumstance, palsied its energies, and arrested its increase.

It is a remarkable fact, that while Gospel-Truth was promulgated, by its own intrinsic power and evidence alone, in utter despite of all the world's power, and of all the world's people, it made a most rapid and incalculable progress. The more its persecutors raged; the more they paraded their instruments of torture; the more they lavished their reproaches, imprisonment, and death; and the more surely, though secretly, Christianity prospered. By its passiveness in suffering, it triumphed over the activity of its enemies; and its root being laid in humility, it struck the more deeply, and more sure.

The light of the gospel burned not dim, until its professors became indifferent. But the moment when christianity stooped to league with this world's policy; when it deigned to accept of kings for its protectors, confirming, by a lamentable union, the clay of the throne by the adamant of the altar; from that moment, the Church became sickly, dwarfish, and lukewarm. It gained in shew, but it lost in substance. The cross was taken from the hearts of men, to wave on banners, to shine on mitres, and to decorate the crown of worldly princes. The ministers of him who was meek and

lowly of heart, became haughty, proud, and vain. The cross of Jesus was borne aloft in triumph, while they who lauded, and they who bore it, were taught little, and knew less, of its silent, secret, and heart-amending influence.

These circumstances to trace, these subjects to investigate, is that province of history, which is called, the ecclesiastical. Ecclesiastical history, exceeds in importance that which is merely civil, as the interest of the soul precedes that of the body. The wants and the wishes of the body, terminate with time; but the interests of the soul, are permanent as eternity. Empires arise, they flourish, and they pass away, but the Church of Christ abideth. Yet in the land which we inhabit, a land calling itself christian, and which boasts a high state of mental cultivation, this province of history is, I fear, less than all others improved.

What writings in that department can the English language rank, against those of Basnage, Le Seur, Fleury or Dupin, in the French; Plank, Henke, and Spittler, in the German. The standard work in our language, is a translation by Maclaine, from the Latin of a German professor. Mosheim, though very learned, is like too many of his countrymen, very diffuse, and tediously explicit on subjects of little importance. His want of accuracy, on

topics whereof his English reader is competently informed, may lead us to suspect a want of care, on subjects more remote, and less easy to appreciate. I cannot approve his distribution of events, into prosperous, and adverse; and his allotment of a separate chapter to each. What events the historian deems adverse to the Church, often were, under the divine disposal, propitious; and those which he hath marked, as indicating her prosperity, too often indicated her ruin. Throughout every period of history, the great Lord of the Church, hath perplexed the councils of the worldly wise, and over-ruled to good the evil intentions of the wicked on her behalf. He hath confounded the purpose of cabinets, and caused "the wrath of men to praise him." This view of things, Mosheim hath seldom taken, and therein he hath rendered his book much less serviceable to the best interest of his readers, than it might have been. His history may be adapted to an occasional reference, but it courts not a continued perusal. It is very little calculated, to win the leisure of the idle, to arrest the attention of the volatile, or to become popular with young people.

I wish to invite a work on Church History, that may impart together, pleasure and edification. It is of some importance, that it should be sufficiently pleasant, to invite perusal; but it is of far

more, that it should be sufficiently grave, to impart instruction. The ground offers many facilities to the union of both purposes; interesting matter, invites the understanding of the wise; while the animating influence of bright example, allures, and soothes, the hearts of the pious.

Will none of those, who enjoy leisure with dignity in the bosom of the Anglican Church, employ that leisure, in unfolding the history of Alma Mater? I want, that the fidelity of Polycarp, the courage of Ignatius, the learning of some, the eloquence of others, and the humility, meekness, and patience of all, the primitive confessors of Jesus, should live again. The fires, in which many of our Lord's martyrs ascended to heaven, have left a spark behind, which awaits only the breath of an animated historian, to kindle into flame.

It is interesting to trace, by what steps, a poor, despised, and persecuted people, came to trample on the necks of their oppressors; to mark, the sword of extermination wielded, in the name of a meek, a patient, and long suffering Lord; and to enquire, under what pretension, the disciples of unbounded philanthropy, could deal around them, desolation, and death. Too often indeed, do the annals of the christian Church display to our indignant view, "spiritual wickedness in high places;"

yet they abound with bright passages, and the most excellent examples. It is instructive to trace, with what uniformity the truth has flourished, in circumstances, which the world calls adversity, and drooped in those, which the world terms prosperity. The blood of the martyrs, hath ever imparted fertility to the Church, while the favor of princes, hath too often provoked its ruin. Christianity deprecates all interference from worldly policy; and the *least natural* of all alliances, is that far-famed *alliance between Church and State.* That only which is *temporal* in the Church, and which, borrowing its name, is *not of its essence*, can ally itself with *temporal* States. Our great Master himself declared that "his kingdom was not of this world," and that his disciples would be blessed, so long as men "should revile them, and persecute them, and speak all manner of evil against them, falsely, for his sake." "The world hath hated me before it hated you." The hatred of the world, and not its base flattery, or its poisoned praise, is the sure badge of a Christian warrior, the unequivocal mark of his discipleship.

B.

The Legal Obligation of the Jews to Works of Charity.

From a Discourse on Almsgiving, by JAMES SAURIN.

THE first calculation which we lay before you, is that of the alms which God prescribed to his people; and we shall include therewith, whatever that people was indispensably required to furnish to Religion. This estimate is of a nature to bring shame upon Christians, and to convince us of this sorrowful truth, that if our Religion surpasses all other religions in the world, it is in our Gospels, but not in the conduct of those who profess it.

I. The Jews were obliged to abstain from whatever fruit might grow upon a fruit-bearing tree, for the three years succeeding its plantation. These first-fruits were called, the prepuce. It was a crime to use them: this law is in the XIX. chapter of Leviticus.

II. The fruits of the fourth year were to be dedicated to the Lord; it was a thing hallowed to Jehovah. They were to be sent to Jerusalem, or at least, it was necessary to value, and *redeem them*, by giving to the Priest an equivalent in money: so that this people, began not to gather of its fruit, before the fifth year. This law is found in the same chapter.

III. They were obliged to offer every year unto God, the FIRST of all the *fruits* of the earth; the first of whatever increase the land yielded. When the father of a family walked in his garden, and he perceived that fruit was set upon a tree, he marked the fruit with a thread, that he might be able to distinguish it, when it should have attained a perfect maturity. The head of the family placed this fruit in a basket. They then collected together whatever had been gathered in one city, and that city sent deputies to Jerusalem. An ox crowned with flowers bore the offering, and they to whose care it was committed, went up to Jerusalem with pomp, singing these words from the CXXII. Psalm: "I was glad when they said unto me; We shall go up to the house of the Lord." When they came to the city, they sang these other words, "Our feet are staid within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" Then they proceeded to the temple, each one bearing his offering upon his shoulders, the king himself not

being excepted, and they sang again, "Lift up your heads, O ye Gates! Be ye lift up, Ye everlasting Doors. Lift up your heads, O ye Gates! Even lift them up, Ye everlasting Doors!"

IV. They were required to leave whatever grew on the borders of their fields, and to yield it to the poor. To prevent the frauds which might obtain in the practice, they determined as their rule in the observation of this law, that one sixtieth part of the field should be left unreaped.

V. The ears of corn which fell during harvest, were employed to the same end. If you consult Josephus, he will tell you, that this command of God obliged them, not only to relinquish to the poor those ears which fell, as it were by accident, but even to let some fall voluntarily, and on purpose.

VI. They were obliged to give, every year, for the Priests, the fortieth part of their incomes; at least, the Sanhedrim explained, in this way, the law contained in the eighteenth chapter of Deuteronomy.

VII. They were to set aside one tenth of their incomes, for the maintenance of the Levites.

VIII. Whatever crops the earth produced, every seventh year, were for the poor; at least their owner retained no more right to them than strangers. This is expressly commanded in the xxv. chapter of Leviticus; and the Jews think so highly of this precept, that they pretend, it was for the violation thereof, that they were carried captive to Babylon. It is to that they refer these words in Leviticus: "Then shall the land enjoy her sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate, and ye be in your enemies land; even then shall the land rest and enjoy her sabbaths." Chap. xxvi. verse 34.

IX. Whatever debts were contracted amongst the people were to be remitted entirely after the term of seven years: so that a debtor, who, during seven years, should be unable to pay them, was to be held, as completely absolved from all his debts.

To all these charges, add, extraordinary occasions, so many sacrifices, so many oblations, so many journies to Jerusalem. Add also, the half shekel of the sanctuary: you will see, that God had imposed upon his people, a tribute, which amounted, nearly, to one half of their revenue. And it is worthy of remark, that the modern Jews, as you may convince yourselves by associating with them, not being able to practise, literally, a great

number of those precepts, which were adapted to the mode of life in which their fathers of old were found, have relaxed nothing in their benevolence towards the poor. As soon as they find themselves to be sufficiently numerous, in one place, to form what they call an assembly, and the number of ten is sufficient, they establish treasurers to receive their alms. And lest avarice, taking the ascendant of charity, should prevent the due discharge of this duty, they have judges who take cognizance of every man's ability, and assess each in the tenth part of his income. One of the greatest scandals which we give them, and that which prejudices them the most against Christianity, is, that little Charity, which Christians possess towards their Poor.

Such is the first calculation which we have to cast before you. Having called your attention to it, we will determine nothing. But we cannot avoid making one reflection, which is, that the Gospel is a dispensation infinitely more noble, and more excellent than the Law; and the Gospel, in abolishing all that was ceremonial in the Levitical worship, hath enforced, by so much the more, all that was moral, and, in particular, what respects Charity. It hath affixed no limit to that article. It is satisfied with commanding us in general terms, to "love our neighbor as ourselves,"

not choosing to place other bounds, to that love which we should have for him, than those, which ourselves would place, to that which we would have ourselves.

If then, under an Economy so imperfect, if, under an Economy where yet subsisted, a difference, of Jews, Gentiles, Nations, and Peoples, (which infinitely contracted charity,) God required of his people, to distribute one third of their incomes; what, what ought to be the obligation of Christians, in that respect? Whoever should press these reflections, would certainly be accused, of advancing unheard of maxims, and of preaching paradoxes.

On the Charity of the early Christians.

From the same.

THE second calculation which we have to lay before you, is that of the Charities of the primitive Christians. Charity had so thoroughly passed from the Master into the souls of his disci-

ples, that according to the report of St. Luke, "they had all things in common;" that, they sold their possessions, to carry the money, and lay it at the Apostle's feet. In the time of Tertullian, *the charity of Christians was become proverbial, and people said, when speaking of them, "Behold, how they love one another!" so that the Pagans, amazed at so tender an union, attributed it to supernatural causes. They said that Christians bore, I know not what character impressed upon their bodies, and that this character, had the virtue to inspire them with a love for each other. Lucian, that satirical author who died during the empire of Marcus Aurelius, in a discourse on the death of the philosopher Peregrinus, who burnt himself during the Olympic games; Lucian, I say, composed the eulogium of Christians, though he sought to brand them with satire. "It is an incredible thing," says he, "the care and the diligence which they exert, that nothing may be spared in the succor of each other. Their Legislator hath made them believe, that they are all brethren, since that, having renounced our religion, and adoring him that was crucified, they live according to his laws; so that their riches are all in common.§" We have also

* Apology of Tertullian, chap. 39.

§ Lucian, vol. II. on the death of the philosopher Peregrinus.

on this subject, a testimony which none can suspect, that of Julian, the Apostate. He was one of the greatest persecutors, and in the art of persecuting Christians he was a better politician than any of those who preceeded him, and let us also say, than those who have been his successors. Julian the Apostate did not attack religion by open force; he knew that which we have seen with our own eyes, that open persecution inflames zeal, and that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. He attacked religion in another manner. As the Charity of the Christians rendered Christianity venerable, this tyrant sought to clothe Paganism with Christian Charity. He thus wrote to a Pagan Priest,

"Let us consider," said he, "that nothing hath so much contributed to advance the superstition of the Christians, as that Charity which they manifest towards strangers. I am of opinion, that we ought to acquit ourselves of these duties.

"Establish hospitals in every city; for it would be a shameful thing that we should abandon our poor, while the Jews have none, while these impious Galileans," (for so he designates the Christians,) "nourish, not only those which are amongst themselves, but those even which are amongst us."*

* Julian's Letters. Letter 49.

But if you would wish for yet more particular reflections; if you ask what exterior effects so great Charity produced; we shall reply to you, that the primitive Christians,

I. Were at an immense expense for the promulgation of their faith, and for the publication of the Gospel. They believed, that the principal care of a Christian, after having rendered "his own thoughts prisoners to Jesus Christ" should be, to procure him new victories. There are divers examples in Ecclesiastical History, and in particular that of St. Chrysostome, of whom Theodoret relates,* that, he "assembled hermits filled with zeal, who bore the Gospel even into Phenicia: that having learnt that there were, near the Danube, peoples scattered, who thirsted for the waters of Grace, he sought for men, who, with an ardent zeal, might labor like the Apostles for the edification of the Church." In citing this example I blush, since it renews the reproach, which hath been so many times, deservedly, cast upon us, that we have no zeal for the salvation of infidels; that those fleets which we send into the New World, are much more animated with the desire of bring-

* Ecclesiastical History of Theodoret. Book v. chap. 29 and 31.

ing back temporal riches, than of carrying thither the light of the Gospel.

II. The early Christians took admirable care of the sick. They had people set apart to this pious office. In the city of Alexandria alone, the number of these was so great, that Theodosius was obliged to diminish them, and to fix them at five hundred; and when it was represented to him that this number was not sufficient, he extended them to six hundred, as appears by a law yet extant in the Theodosian Code.* I cannot avoid reciting, while on this subject, a fine passage from Eusebius; he speaks of a plague which ravaged Egypt, and having described it, he adds,† "Many of our brethren, neglecting the care of their own health through an excess of Charity, took upon them the sufferings of others, and plunged themselves into sickness. After having held between their arms the bodies of the Saints, after having closed their mouths and their eyes, after having borne them on their shoulders, after having embraced them, kissed them, washed them, and put their best garments upon them; themselves have received the same duties from others, who imitated, their zeal, and their charity."

* Theodosian Code. Book xvi. title 2.

† Ecclesiastical History. Book vii. chap. 22.

III. The primitive Christians nourished a fervent zeal for the Redemption of Captives. Witness St. Ambrose, who counsels them to sell the sacred vessels for this use. Witness a letter from St. Cyprian to the Bishops of Numidia, on the subject of those Christians who had been taken, and carried into captivity by Barbarians: in that letter St. Cyprian implores their charity for the deliverance of these unhappy persons; and to assist them therein, he sends them the sum of one thousand guineas.* Witness that narrative which Socrates the historian relates: The Romans had taken seven thousand prisoners, who were dying of hunger in their captivity. Acacius, bishop of Amida, assembled his ecclesiastics, and addressed to them this Christian exhortation: "God," said he, "hath no need either of bowls, or of dishes, since he neither eats nor drinks: it is proper to sell many of those vessels of gold and of silver which the Church possesseth, and to employ their produce, to feed and to ransom prisoners." Having then melted down these vessels, the historian adds, he paid the soldiers the ransom for their prisoners; whom he fed during the winter, and then sent them home, with money to defray the expense of their journey.

* See Letter LXII. in the Oxford edition of St. Cyprian's Letters.

And lastly, the Charity of the early Christians appeared, in the pious establishments which they founded, in the hospitals without number which they supported, and in the poor, almost innumerable, whom they maintained. Listen to these words of St. Chrysostome; "Consider," says he, "to how many poor, widows, virgins, this Church distributes that revenue which she hath received from one single rich person; the number of those inscribed upon the catalogue extends to three thousand; without speaking of that assistance which is given to prisoners, to those who are sick in hospitals, to strangers, to lepers, to those who serve at the altar, to so many persons who arrive every day and to whom the Church gives both food and raiment."*

What is more remarkable, is, that the primitive Christians placed their true Glory in their Charity. We have an illustrious example, in the conduct of the Church of Rome with regard to the Emperor Decius. That tyrant demanded the treasure of the Church; a Deacon replied on behalf of the whole body, and asked the delay of one day wherein to satisfy the Emperor. That term ex-

* See the 6th Homily upon 1st Matthew, or the 67th Homily in some editions.

pired, he assembled all the lame, all the blind, all the sick, whom the Church supported, and shewing them to the tyrant, he said; "These are the funds of the Church; behold its revenue! behold its riches! behold its true treasure!"*

I bring together all these examples, and all these testimonies, my Brethren, to shew you, that we have degenerated from the virtue of our ancestors, and that the life of the primitive Church, was, at least on this article, a living commentary on the doctrine of its Master.

On the Duty of Prayer.

THE reasonableness of prayer will appear very obvious from a consideration of our unceasing obligations to God, as our maker, preserver, and benefactor. It is in him we live, and move, and have our being. To him we are indebted for every

* The Offices of Ambrose. Book II, chap. 28.

mercy we enjoy: from him we receive all we have: and it is owing to his goodness that we are what we are. If blessed with wealth, with strength, or with riches, they are his gifts; of which he may justly deprive us at pleasure, and with equal propriety set us upon the dunghill with the beggar. These certainly are truths that must at once strike the mind of every considerate man, and which the most abandoned and profane cannot be hardy enough, when serious, to deny. How, then, ought every testimony of God's goodness to excite our love, our gratitude, and our praise! The smallest temporal advantage is a favor to which we have no claim. If we have food and raiment, they are inconceivably more than we deserve; for in many things we all offend.

Why are we commanded to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," if not to teach us, among other things, our daily dependance upon God as the dispenser of temporal blessings? Most of our wants return with the morning; and to whom should we look but to him who is able to supply them? We need his direction through the perplexities and difficulties of every day; and without his gracious interposition and support, we can effect nothing to any valuable purpose. In the evening we seek rest in vain, unless he give slumber to the eye-lids, and sleep to the eyes. Now as these

are wants common to every individual, it is our indispensable duty to supplicate the divine goodness, and also to return thanks for the many mercies of which we have been partakers. Surely each can say with the Psalmist, "It is good to give thanks unto the Lord, and sing praises unto thy name, O Most High: to shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night; for thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety."

That prayer is a duty resulting from our relation to the Almighty, as our Creator and Benefactor, is evidently the dictate of nature. It is besides a mean by which the comfort and the happiness of his dependant and sinful creatures are promoted. He that knows what is in man, stands in no need of intelligence respecting his condition. "All things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."—In this case, as in every other, duty and privilege are inseparably united: and the utility of prayer will appear abundantly manifest when it is remembered, that it is not intended to give the Father of spirits information concerning either our wants or our unworthiness, for these are perfectly known to him before they are felt or acknowledged by ourselves, but to impress the mind with a deep conviction of both;

and to keep perpetually alive a sense of our entire dependance on him for the supply of the one, and the pardon of the other.

Nothing so forcibly restrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent address to heaven for protection and assistance. After having petitioned for power to resist temptation, there is so great an incongruity in not continuing the struggle, that we blush at the thought, and persevere lest we lose all reverence for ourselves. After fervently devoting our souls to God, we start with horror at immediate apostacy: every act of deliberate wickedness is then complicated with hypocrisy and ingratitude: it is a mockery of the Father of mercies, the forfeiture of that peace in which we closed our address, and a renunciation of the hope which that address inspired. But if prayer and immortality be thus incompatible, surely the former should not be neglected by those who contend that moral virtue is the submit of human perfection.

In the neglect of prayer, we act much more inconsistently than we do in the common occurrences of life. Were we to receive but the smallest token of respect at the hand of some earthly friend, we should be prompt to make every acknowledgment in our power; we should feel pain

in recollecting but one opportunity when we might have testified our gratitude, but which was then neglected or forgotten. Now if we pretend to be sensible of our obligations to that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother; who giveth all things liberally, without upbraiding; by what shall we demonstrate the sincerity of these pretensions, if not by yielding the obedience we acknowledge to be due, and which the present state of our existence renders both a privilege and a duty?

In prayer, which is the breath of spiritual life, we supplicate the throne of grace; we adore the wisdom, the goodness, and beneficence of our heavenly Father. In this path of privilege and of duty we find the fulfilment of that promise, "Those that honor me, I will honor; and at the same time we feel and acknowledge it just, that they who are otherwise minded should be "lightly esteemed."

There is nothing, says a good writer, which has so a powerful a tendency to generate in the heart of any person good-will towards another, as the constant practice of praying to God for his happiness. Let a man regularly pray for his enemy with all that seriousness which devotion requires, and he will not long harbor resentment against him. Let him pray for his friend with that ardor which

friendship naturally inspires, and he will perceive his attachment to grow daily and daily stronger.

The morning, as one expresses it, is a resurrection from death to a new enjoyment of life—of yourself, and a fresh entrance into the world; let the sacrifice of prayer therefore statedly ascend as a token of the gratitude you feel for the mercies of the night; and in the evening, as a testimony of thankfulness for the providential favors of the day.

Night has been considered as an emblem of death---as a pause—a stop in the progress of life: and in these views it is right, before we enter its solemnities, to recognize the transactions of the day—to mark those duties that have been entirely omitted or carelessly performed; to recollect with gratitude the favors graciously bestowed; to admire the Divine patience with which we have trifled; and to implore that protection and forgiveness, without which we are inevitably undone.

Many oft times fall asleep in this world, and awake in the other, and have no summons to acquaint them whither they are going. And yet though every man's condition be thus uncertain, and his breath in his nostrils, where there is as much room for it to go out as to come in; how

few make their night's repose to serve as a memorial of their last rest? Some pervert the night, which was ordained to be a cessation of the evils of labor, to make it a season for their greater activity in the evils of sin. "They devise," as the prophet saith, "iniquity upon their beds, and when the morning is light they practise it, because it is in the power of their hands."

When therefore the generality of men are such unthrifts of time, and like careless navigators keep no journal or diary of their motions, and other occurrences that happen, what need have others to pray, with Moses, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." He who was learned in all the sciences of the Egyptians, desires to be taught of God so to number, as not to mistake, or to make any error in the account of life, by setting down days for minutes, and years for days. A man would naturally think that a little arithmetic would serve to cast up so small a number as the days of him whose days are as the days of an hireling, few and evil: and yet it is such a mystery, that Moses begs of God to be instructed in it as that which is the chief and only knowledge. Yea, God himself earnestly wishes this wisdom to Israel his people—"O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

Let us therefore number our days by meditating what our days are, and the end for which our lives were given; by reckoning our day by our work, and not by our time; by what we do, and not by what we are; by remembering that we are in a continual progress to the chambers of death. No man's life is so long at the evening as it was in the morning. Night and day are as two axes which, without rest, are alternately at the root of our life. A chip flies off every day and every night, and the stroke is continued till at length we are hewn down, and fall at the grave's mouth.

The present world, remember, is but a passage to the next; and while travelling through it, be careful never to regard it as your home. He that lives longest lives but a little while; every man therefore may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which if neglected is doubled on the morrow. But he that has always trifled away those months and years in which he should have labored, must remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of heaven, not one is to be lost.

Seeing therefore that the end of all things is at hand, let us not sleep, as do others, but endeavor henceforward to be more provident of time. The night is far spent, and the hour cometh when no man can work. Let us therefore use the world as not abusing it; for every thing in it that can either grieve or delight us is passing away. Be anxious for nothing but the consolations which religion can certainly impart. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. The duties she enjoins, if sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by stated duties to meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in augmenting desire for celestial happiness.

" Prayer is the vital breath of faith,
Which makes the soul to heaven arise:
Neglecting this the *Man* may live,
But ah! how soon the *Christian* dies.

If prayer then be the life of faith,
And faith my guide to Heaven shall be,
O! may I live a life of prayer,
And thus entirely live to thee."

The Excellency of Love.

THE universal God is universal love, all is Love but that which is hellish and earthly. All Religion is the spirit of Love, all its gifts and graces are the gifts and graces of love, it has no breath, no life but the life of love. Nothing exalts, nothing purifies, but the fire of love; nothing changes Death into Life, Earth into Heaven, Men into Angels, but love alone. Love breathes the spirit of God, its words and its works are the Inspiration of God. It speaketh not of itself, but the word the Eternal Word of God speaketh in it: for all that Love speaketh, that God speaketh, because Love is God. Love is Heaven revealed in the soul, it is Light, and Truth, it is infallible; it hath no errors, for all errors are the want of Love. Love hath no more of pride, than light hath of darkness, it stands, and bears all its fruits from a depth and root of humility. Love is of no sect or party, it neither makes nor admits of any bounds, you may as easily enclose the light, or shut up the air of the world into one place, as confine love to a sect or party. It lives in the liberty, the universality, the impartiality of Heaven. It believes in one holy, catholic

God, the God of all spirits, it unites and joins with the catholic spirit of the one God, who unites with all that is good, and is meek, patient, well-wishing and long-suffering over all the evil that is in nature and in creature. Love, like the spirit of God, rideth upon the wings of the wind, and is in union and communion with all the saints that are in Heaven and on Earth. Love is quite pure, it hath no bye ends, it seeks not its own, it hath but one will, and that is to give itself into every thing, and to overcome all evil with good. Lastly, Love is the Christ of God, it cometh down from heaven, it regenerateth the soul from above, it blotteth out all transgressions, it taketh from Death its sting, from the Devil his power, and from the serpent his poison. It healeth all the infirmities of our earthly birth, it gives eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and makes the dumb to speak: it cleanseth the lepers, casts out devils, and places man in paradise before he dies. It liveth wholly to the will of Him of whom it is born, its meat and its drink is to do the will of God. It is the resurrection and the life of every divine virtue, a fruitful mother of true humility, boundless benevolence, unwearied patience, and bowels of compassion.

On Humility.

HUMILITY is so essential to the right state of our souls, that there is no pretending to a reasonable or pious life without it. We may as well think to see without eyes, or live without breath, as to live in the spirit of religion, without the spirit of humility.

And though it is thus, the soul and essence of all religious duties, yet is it, generally speaking, the least understood, the least regarded, the least intended, the least desired and sought after, of all other virtues, amongst all sorts of Christians.

No people have more occasion to be afraid of the approaches of pride, than those who have made some advances in a pious life. For pride can grow as well upon our virtues, as our vices, and steals upon us on all occasions.

Every good thought that we have, every good action that we do, lays us open to pride, and exposes us to the assaults of vanity and self-satisfaction.

It is not only the beauty of our persons, the gifts of fortune, our natural talents, and the distinctions of life, but even our devotions and alms, our fastings and humiliations, expose us to fresh and strong temptations of this evil spirit.

Pride.

PRIDE must die in you, or nothing of Heaven can live in you. Under the banner of this truth, give up yourselves to the meek and humble spirit of the holy Jesus, the Overcomer of all Fire and Pride and Wrath. This is the one Way the one Truth and the one Life. Humility must sow the seed, or there can be no reaping in Heaven. Look not at pride only as an unbecoming temper, not at Humility only as a decent virtue, for the one is Death and the other is Life, the one is all Hell, and the other is all Heaven.

Virtue.

The only amaranthine flower on earth,
Is Virtue. COWPER.

THE sacred scriptures every where inform us, that the task in which we are, or ought to be engaged, namely, "the working out our salvation with fear and trembling," is replete with difficulty and labor, requiring all our circumspection and care, and that an inheritance in that which is prepared for the righteous, can only be attained by anxiously obeying the precepts of the gospel, and by a continual attention to the duties of religion.—Let us, therefore, consider the indispensible necessity of immediately engaging in this important work, with ardor and diligence.

If we look abroad into the world, or even if we contract our observations within the circle of our acquaintance, we shall be convinced that all, in one way or other, feel the oppressive hand of affliction; and if we consider the subject with the attention its importance demands, we shall find too, that the afflictive dispensations of Providence are not confined to the impious despisers of religion alone,

but that all in their journey through life, feel in some degree, the sharp rod of adversity. Since, then, the messengers of affliction spread their snares alike for the virtuous and the vicious, the christian will anxiously look for some rock on which he can rest his hopes; he will reflect upon the uncertainty of all earthly things, and the possibility that adversity may overtake him when he expects it not, will rouse his diligence: he looks not for the uninterrupted enjoyment of happiness in this life, nor supposes he can attain the heaven of heavens without exertion and unwearied watchfulness; he considers himself but as a pilgrim and stranger, travelling through an unknown land, where there is much to excite his attention, and to induce him to quit the proper path, but he is aware if he steps out of the direct road to enjoy the seeming sweets strewed in his way, he will not arrive at the goal at the appointed time; he therefore pursues his course with alacrity and promptitude, moderately partaking of the good things he sees around him, "thankful when the sun shines and the way is pleasant; but if it be rough and rainy, he cares not much, he is but a traveller."—Such will be the conduct of the real christian; instead of supinely committing the concerns of eternity to the blind will of accident, he earnestly endeavors, with a contrite heart, to use this world as not abusing it, and by the undeviating practice of humility, charity, and be-

nevolence, to obtain the approbation of the author and finisher of his faith.

The necessity of engaging in this important task, will readily appear to the considerate man. If he looks abroad, he will perceive perhaps, those who have presumptuously despised the proffered mercy of their Redeemer, suddenly cut off in the midst of their career, and sent, with all their imperfections on their heads, into the presence of their offended Creator:—he will perceive the man, who, regardless of Jesus, placed his chief concern in the attainment of earthly possesions, unexpectedly blasted by the hand of sickness; then will conscience rise up as the accuser of this wretched being, and fill his soul with sorrow, fear, and distress, until at last the great conqueror, death, asserts his right, and in unspeakable horror he closes his earthly course.

But let us quit this dismal prospect, and direct our steps to the chamber of the dying christian. Oh! how different the scene! In his journey through life, he has been unwearied in the practice of virtue; he has permitted neither pleasure, curiosity, society, nor business, to engross too much of his time, but, aware of the snares and temptations of the world, he has passed his time in pursuit of the "one thing needful," and beholds

his labors, at the awful period of expiring nature, crowned with patience and composure, under the cheering assurance of "present support, and final victory."

From the slight view we have taken, we may perceive that it is our truest interest to live according to the precepts of the gospel, patiently to endure afflictions, and instead of repining at the little inconveniences of life, to think of him who, though the Lord of all things, had not where to lay his head. Let us reflect upon this, and then ask, whether "the disciple of a crucified Saviour shall shrink appalled from the conflict? When the Redeemer of mankind, with perfect resignation to his Father's will, drank off the bitter cup of sorrow which was mixed for him, even to the dregs; shall a humble follower hesitate to trace the valley of affliction, and share the warfare of the intrepid captain of his salvation?" Surely we cannot hesitate one moment in our reply, convinced that all things shall work together for good to them who do their Father's will; "and therefore, if it be so ordained, welcome disappointment and poverty, welcome sickness and pain, welcome shame, contempt, and calumny. If this be a rough and thorny path, it is one in which Jesus has gone before us, and where we see his footsteps we cannot repine." If, then, we look for happiness in another world, we

must make the attainment of heavenly approbation the highest object of our regard, and, in every trial and distress rely implicitly upon him, who looks on the weary and heavy laden with pity and compassion: we must work out our salvation with fear and trembling; not fixing our attention on the vain and glittering baubles which this world can present to us, but pursuing the paths of true religion: we must consider the shortness and uncertainty of life; and this awful consideration will make us diligent and unwearied in preparing for the journey we must shortly take to the mansions of eternity: we must make the Scriptures the rule whereby to direct our steps; and thus shall we most assuredly in this world, "rise superior to its smiles or frowns, and possess that dignified composure of soul, which no earthly incidents can ruffle or destroy;" and in the land of glory, which our Redeemer hath promised us where there shall be neither crying nor sorrow, but where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes, obtain an inheritance of everlasting bliss, a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

The Pearl of Great Price.

FROM morning to night keep Jesus in thy Heart, long for nothing, desire nothing, hope for nothing, but to have all that is within thee changed into the spirit and temper of the Holy Jesus. Let this be thy Christianity, thy Church, and thy Religion. For this new birth in Christ, thus firmly believed and continually desired, will do every thing that thou wantest to have done in thee; it will dry up all the springs of vice, stop all the workings of evil in thy nature, it will bring all that is good into thee, it will open all the Gospel within thee, and thou wilt know what it is to be taught of God. This longing desire of thy heart to be one with Christ, will soon put a stop to all the vanity of thy life, and nothing will be permitted to enter into thy heart, or proceed from it, but what comes from God, and returns to God: thou wilt soon be, as it were, tied and bound in the chains of all holy affections and desires, thy mouth will have a watch set upon it, thy ears would willingly hear nothing that does not tend to God, nor thy eyes be open, but to see and find occasions of doing good. In a word, when this Faith has got-

ten both the Head and the Heart, it will then be with thee, as it was with the Merchant who found *a Pearl of great price*, it will make thee *to sell all that thou hast and buy it*. For all that had seized and possesed the heart of any man, whatever the merchant of the world had gotten together, whether of riches, power, honor, learning, or reputation, loses all its value, is counted but as dung, and willingly parted with as soon as this glorious pearl, the new birth in Christ Jesus, is discovered and found by him. This therefore may serve as a touchstone whereby every one may try the truth of his state; if the old man is still a merchant within thee, trading in all sorts of worldly honor, power, or learning, if the wisdom of this world is not foolishness to thee, if earthly interests and sensual pleasures are still the desire of thy heart, and only covered under a form of godliness, a cloak of creeds, observances and institutions of religion, thou mayest be assured, that the Pearl of great price is not yet found by thee. For where Christ is born, or his spirit rises up in the soul, there all self is denied and obliged to turn out. There all carnal wisdom, arts of advancement, with every pride and glory of this life, are as so many heathen idols all willingly renounced, and the man is not only content, but rejoices to say, that his kingdom is not of this world.

Select Pieces, &c.

VERSE.

The Nativity.

A HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul! thy dormant fire!
Let Love, let Gratitude inspire,
A heaven-directed lay!
To HIM, who brought salvation down,
Who wan for man th' eternal crown,
The heart's pure homage pay.

How poor! how abject! how forlorn!
The long-predicted Babe was born,
The LORD OF LIFE was found!

A manger proved his princely bed,
And straw sustain'd his sacred head,
While oxen breath'd around.

In mild Judea's midnight air
The shepherds tend their fleecy care,
All simple men and true;
Far from the temple's wordy war,
From doctors, and from priests, afar,
To them the vision flew.

" Hail, Shepherds! hail!" an angel cries,
" We bring glad tidings from the skies,
" A gospel-message bring;
" This is the Saviour's natal morn,
" In Bethlehem the Babe is born,
" Arise! salute your king."

The angels fade from mortal view,
And mingle with th' ethereal blue
That veils their native skies;
But still their anthems are preferr'd,
Faint and more faint their harps are heard,
Sweet harps of Paradise.

T' unnerve the strong, confirm the weak,
Abash the proud, and cheer the meek,
The GREAT MESSIAH reigns;

And the first-fruit of subject earth,
The first to hail MESSIAH's birth,
Where lowly shepherd-swains.

Rejoice, O Judah! shout hallelujah!
Trim thy perennial palm again,
Thy palm of high renown;
Thy LION comes! he comes to save!
Bid his triumphant banners wave;
Prepare his victor-crown;

He comes; in GOD's appointed might
He comes; dark demons dread his light,
And tremble at his name;
Drops their pale priest the palsied hand,
Untouch'd their flower-wreath'd victims stand,
And dies their altar's flame.

To Palestine's sequester'd shore,
The Lord of ev'ry clime no more
His light, his love confines;
But widely as the ocean flows,
As beams the sun, or zephyr blows,
The star of Jesus shines.

Unseen by Herod on his throne,
Not to the great Sanhedrim known,
It shone,—but not for them:

Yet, by its splendor drawn from far,
The Magi hail th' unwonted star,
And hie to Bethlehem.

Their costly gifts when they display'd
The Gentile-world its tribute paid,
And own'd its Infant-king:
And, Gentile-sprang, in isles afar,
We hail the bright, the MORNING-STAR,
And glad Hosannas sing.

O THOU! on whose blest natal day
Th' angelic chorus sang a lay
Of peace to mortals given;
That peace Thou liv'dst, Thou diedst to give,
That peace prepare us to receive,
For in that PEACE is HEAVEN.

B.

The Crucifixion.

A HYMN.

WHOM SHILOH's bondage hath made free,
Ye ransom'd Captives, come!
Come, an heart-rending sight to see,
And meekly bend the suppliant knee
At your REDEEMER's tomb.

Still let the deep, mysterious theme,
Our prostrate souls engross:
What reason oft may darkest deem,
Faith radiates with her brightest beam,
The rod, the spear, the cross.

Ye men! who saw on tabor's brow
Your glorious LORD appear!
On Calvary bid your tears to flow,
Shorn every beam of glory now,
A dread eclipse is there.

Despite, the blinded Jews have done
To HIM who reigns on high;

Averts his face th' indignant sun,
Intent their dreadful deed to shun,
And darkness veils the sky.

The wave recoils on Jordan's bed,
Earth to her centre shakes;
The fiend, exulting, rears his head;
From their dark house th' astonish'd dead
Return;—the tomb awakes.

Cease, Salem! cease thy temple-song!
O! shrieve thee and repent!
Thy children wrought this cruel wrong,
And many a weary day, and long,
Thy children must lament.

As from the sun dark shadows fly,
Thy shadowy ark withdraw!
The man thine envy dooms to die
A richer manna shall supply,
And teach a purer law.

Thy priests have slain, with purpose fell,
Their last great sacrifice;
And Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tell,
"A king who loved his people well,
"Now, for that people dies."

Bow! temple! bow! thy glories fail!
And fails thy fire to burn!
This hour hath rent thy mystic veil:
The Gospel comes it must prevail.—
Let Priests, let Levites mourn!

An awful pause: a blank despair,
One universal gloom;
Pervaded earth, pervaded air,
As would Th' Omnipotent prepare
One universal tomb.

With altered step, pensive and slow;
Heart struck, the crowd return'd:
They came as to some common shew;
But, smitten with severest woe,
They beat their breasts, and mourn'd.

The salix, cypress, and the palm,
On Kedron's banks that wave;
Breath'd solemn notes with evening calm,
As sang they some funereal psalm
At our Messiah's grave.

Our sins infix'd his rankling wound,
His agony severe;
In Gethsemane's gloom profound,
From the pale suppliant to the ground
When crimson flow'd the tear.

Love the great price, our ransom gave:
Love nail'd him to the tree;
He came, my sinful soul to save;
He died, to snatch me from the grave;
He lived, he died, for me.

Then dress with sackcloth every mind,
A solemn vigil keep:
He, the Great Friend of human kind,
For us his precious life resign'd
And we for Him will weep.

B.

The Resurrection.

A HYMN.

THE Saviour, theme for songs of old,
The Saviour came, by seers foretold,
O'er Satan to prevail:
He came, He died, He overcame;
Shout, Heaven and Earth! with loud acclaim,
"Hail! God's Messiah! hail!"

Come, seize the sacred lyre again,
Strike with glad heart a loftier strain,
For HE who died to save,
Who came the bliss of heaven to give,
Who spent his life, that man might live,
Ariseth from the grave.

Ascend! O Jesus! to receive
That praise which angels burn to give,
Thy praise so dearly won!
THEE, Cherubim preluding sweet,
Combine with Seraphim to greet,
JEHOVAH'S VICTOR-SON!

MESSIAH dies, and death is dead;
He riseth, and the fiend hath fled;
His grave, the grave destroys:
Two nights he prest a rich man's tomb,
Scoop'd from the live rock's marble womb,
With the third morn to rise.

The matrons, who, the cross beside,
Were present when their Master died,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and shame;
Their last sad rites of love to pay,
While dubious set the tide of day,
To his sepulchre came.

But not the cold and dreary tomb
Could hold within its silent womb
Whom heaven, whom earth revere;
They saw the grave-clothes loosely spread,
They saw where JESUS laid his head,
But, JESUS was not there.

"Whom seek ye?" then an angel said,
"That JESUS, on the cross who bled,
"This tomb could not retain:
"Haste ye! to his disciples say,
"The LORD ye loved is on his way
"To Galilee again."

The angel ceased. At Jacob's well
Who had, his gospel truths to tell,
A female intervene;
Sent the first herald of his name,
His Resurrection to proclaim,
A Mary Magdalene.

The hills that move, the rocks that melt,
That tremor which all Asia felt,
Bespake his dying pain:
Rend, hearts of rock! your homage pay!
Ye souls of marble! melt away!
For JESUS lives again.

For JESUS reigns! the low, the meek,
Who came, the mourning soul to seek,
Who came, the poor to bless;
He reigns, to cheer the contrite heart:
He reigns, all goodness to impart;
And lavish happiness.

No more with supercilious eye,
Some unpretending sinner by,
The Pharisee may scowl:
No more the priestly mantle fair
Envelope, with delusive air,
A proud unbending soul.

Avaunt the proud! avaunt the gay!
Avaunt! vain meteors of a day!
The meek, the humble, come!
Avaunt ye great! who rule the world!
MESSIAH's banner is unfurl'd
To call his people home.

Who die with HIM, shall rise again:
Death and the Grave, the Lamb hath slain,
Low in his tomb they lie:
Time! speed thy sand! and break thy glass!
Vain shadows of existence! pass!
WE LIVE NOT, TILL WE DIE.

B.

Hymn for Christmas-Day.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
In God his Father's name appear'd
To save the men he loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On might so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through him is pard'ning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows:
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.

To God our Saviour and our King,
Glad homage let us give:
And stand prepared like Christ to die,
With Christ that we may live.

Hymn for a Person in Sickness.

O FATHER! glorify thy name—"
So pray'd at woe's approach my Lord.
Disease corrodes this mortal frame:
O Father! be thy Name adored.

Though life's unruffled days had flown,
Ere yet was past her vernal prime;
And sickness o'er my head has strewn,
The snows of age before their time:

Why fear the path of grief to tread;
Why, Father! shrink from thy decree:
If thus my longing soul be led
A safer, shorter way to Thee?

On wings of faith, o'er fogs of earth,
Thy servant, Father! teach to rise,
And view the blessing's native worth
Clear'd from affliction's dark disguise.

Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade
To mortals gazing from below,
By angels from above survey'd
With universal sunshine glow.

The Hour of Peace.

A HYMN.

WHEN groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hush'd, and cities sleep:
Lord! is not that the hour of peace?

When infancy at evening tries
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes:
Lord! is not that the hour of peace?

In golden pomp when autumn smiles;
And hill and dale its rich increase
By man's full barns exulting piles:
Lord! is not this the hour of peace?

When mercy points where Jesus bleeds,
And Faith beholds thine anger cease,
And Hope to blank Despair succeeds:
This, Father, this alone is Peace.

Charity.

A HYMN.

WHY does the will of heav'n ordain
A world so mix'd with woe:
Why pour down want, disease, and pain,
On wretched men below?

It was by sympathetic ties
The human race to bind,
To warm the heart and fill the eyes
With pity for our kind.

Pity, that like the heav'nly bow
On the dark cloud is seen;
'Tis hers on mortals to bestow,
A more than mortal mien.

Where mercy takes her 'custom'd stand,
To bid her flock rejoice,
'Tis there mild grace extends the hand,
There music tunes the voice.

And he who speaks in Mercy's name
No fiction needs, nor art,

The still small voice of nature's claim
Re-echoes through each heart.

Where Pity's frequent tear is shed,
There God is seen,—is found:
Descends upon the hallow'd head,
And sheds a glory round.

But Charity itself may fail,
Which doth not active prove;
Nor can the prayer of Faith avail,
Without the works of Love.

Hymn to the Creator.

ALL hail! to HIM who sits on high!
To HIM your cheerful voices raise!
To HIM, the ruler of the sky,
Be glory, honor, love, and praise!

Be wise! ye good! in age, in youth,
The song of joy, O never cease!
HIS words are all the words of truth:
And all his paths, the paths of peace.

This globe of earth, the sea, the air,
Were form'd by his all-wise command:
The heavens, and all their hosts declare
"The work of an Almighty hand."

The rough wild sea, HIS voice obeys:
When the loud winds the waves deform
HE walks (how wond'rous all his ways!)
On the broad pinions of the storm.

When all this fair creation lay,
Involv'd in universal night,
HE spake the word, and all was day;
HE spake the word, and all was light.

HE sees the secrets of the heart;
HE searches all the human soul;
HIS skill directs in every part;
HIS power informs the wond'rous whole.

'Twas He! JEHOVAH! KING! and GOD!
Gave us to breathe this vital air:
We are the children of his nod,
His last best work, his dearest care.

The earth shall moulder into dust,
And life's gay dream shall pass away
Rejoice, ye good! rejoice, ye just!
His glory never shall decay!

All hail! JEHOVAH! KING! and GOD!
Ye nations all adore his name!
Approach, approach, his high abode,
With thanks, with joy, and loud acclaim!

All hail! to HIM who sits on high!
To HIM your cheerful voices raise!
To HIM, the ruler of the sky,
Be glory, honor, love, and praise!

Morning Hymn.

TO God, who reigns supreme above,
Let us our grateful homage pay;
With pious joy, and fervent love,
O! let us hail thy sacred day.

Accept, O Lord, the prayers that rise
From contrite hearts, though weak, sincere:
May they, as incense, mount the skies,
And meet thy kind acceptance there!

Still let us bless thy holy name
For mercies ev'ry hour bestow'd:

Till, kindled with seraphic flame,
Our souls explore thy bright abode.

There, with incessant hymns of joy,
Thy sovereign goodness we'll adore,
Where pleasures flow without alloy,
Where sin and sorrow are no more.

Evening Hymn.

O LORD! before thy awful throne
Again our souls in duty bend:
To thee, our wants and woes are known,
To us thy powerful aid extend.

Direct our hearts to sing thy praise,
In concert with thy heavenly choir;
Let Love divine inflame our lays,
And gratitude the stream inspire.

Thy goodness call'd us forth to light:
Thy bounteous hand our life sustains;
Thou guidest us through the gloom of night,
Where dangers threat, where terror reigns.

O lead us, by thy saving grace,
Through life's deceitful thorny way,
Till we appear before thy face,
In the bright realms of endless day.

Hymn for Sunday Schools.

WHEN Judah's infant Prophet lay
Expos'd near Egypt's reedy deep,
Fair CHARITY there chanc'd to stray
And heard the friendless orphan weep.

His tears her gentle bosom moved;
His state forlorn her pity drew;
A kind protecting friend she proved,
A guardian and a parent too.

This state forlorn was once our own,
Exposed to vice's gulphy sea;
Till Christian mercy round us shone,
And said—"From wretchedness be free!"

O! may that GOD, who taught your souls
To glow for others in distress,

Whose arm the rage of fate controuls,
Your ev'ry day with comfort bless.

And when disease your frame assails,
And death's dark hour approaches nigh,
May hope increase as nature fails,
To soothe the anxious parting sigh!

And when the dead shall quit their graves,
And judgment's awful day be o'er,
May you, with those your goodness saves,
Assemble on the blissful shore.

Another.

DAUGHTER of celestical birth,
Bright rob'd CHARITY, descend;
With thy radiance cheer the earth,
Thy sweet influence extend;
Teach the tender breast to glow,
Bid the willing hand bestow.

Hear the meek-eyed nymph intreat;
Nor her pleadings disregard

In a cause so good and great,
Where so ample's the reward:
Sons of affluence, freely give;
Ten-fold blessings you'll receive.

See, the helpless infant-band,
Born to penury and grief,
Raise the supplicating hand
To your bounty, for relief:
Let them not in vain implore,
But give,—and heaven will bless your store.

If 'tis charity to shroud
Shivering limbs from winter's cold;
If, when hunger cries aloud,
You the morsel can't withhold;
How much more divine to give
Alms to teach the soul to live!

May we, by your tender care
Rescued from the sinful throng,
Still address the grateful pray'r,
Still attune the pious song,—
"For the bounteous friends that give
"Alms that teach the soul to live."

Another.

AS sheep, without a shepherd, stray
Where danger tempts with treacherous smile;
So youthful feet, from virtue's way
Oft wander in the paths of guile.

Poor was our birth,—no friend to guide
Our thoughts to HIM, who gave us food;
To HIM, who for his creatures died,
And seal'd their ransom with HIS blood.

Delightful change!—O bliss supreme!
To be from such distress set free:—
Hence be sweet gratitude our theme,
And artless praise, O God to Thee!

Thy honor'd name, and sacred word,
Eternal Father! will we love:
Oft shall our infant-praise be heard
And join'd by tuneful choirs above.

Oft shall the grateful ardent pray'r
For all our guardian friends ascend;—
Those blessings may they ever share,
Which on the bounteous GOOD attend:

Hymn.

THY humblest works with full accord
Confirm thy word, Almighty Lord!
And spread beneath man's downward eyes
A scene that bids them seek the skies.

Emblem of zeal that never tires,
Nor kindles with unhallow'd fires—
Such be my zeal!—in eddying tides,
Yon stream its active chrystal guides:

Or, pausing, as a nobler wood
Or wilder cliff o'erhangs its flood,
(Each wave, each dimpling curl, repress)
Displays the picture on its breast.

O well! were mine as pure a course:
O well! with half the truth and force
Did this degenerate heart of mine
Reflect the beams of grace divine.

Hymn.

SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies;
My soul, adoring, turns to thee:
Thee, self abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

On thee my bursting raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, LORD OF LORDS! and KING OF KINGS!

O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To Death, and Thee, my thoughts I give:
To Death, whose power I soon shall feel,
To Thee, with whom I trust to live!

Hymn to Nature.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

With two Additional Stanzas.

HOLY Nature, heavenly fair,
Lead me with thy parent care;
In thy footsteps let me tread,
As a willing child is led.

When, with care and grief opprest,
Soft I sink me on thy breast;
On thy peaceful bosom laid,
Grief shall cease, nor cares invade.

O! congenial power divine,
All my votive soul is thine!
Lead me with thy parent care,
Holy Nature, heavenly fair!

Stay thee, Stolberg! let me know
Where the willing child would go;
What is "Nature, heavenly fair"
But my God's peculiar care?

Ne'er to Nature's holy bed,
Softly sank a poet's head,
Till his darkling eye could see
OMNIPRESENT DEITY.

Wise Husbandry.

O SWEETER than the fragrant flower
At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the power,
To succor human woes.

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
That placid joy we give, and gain,
By gratitude sincere!

The husbandman goes to his field,
What hopes his heart expand;
What calm delight his labors yield,
A harvest—from his hand.

A hand that providently throws,
Not dissipates in vain:

How neat his field! how clean it grows!
What produce from each grain!

The nobler husbandry of mind,
And culture of the heart,
Shall this, with man, less favor find,
Less genuine joy impart?

O no!—Your goodness strikes a root
That dies not, nor decays;
And future life shall yield the fruit
That blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes that here expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land,
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus a small bounty, well bestow'd,
May perfect heaven's high plan:
First daughter to the Love of God
Is charity to Man.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best:
For him, whose life was mercy crown'd,
The bed of death is blest.

Harvest.

FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of Love!
How rich thy bounties are;
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The Spring's sweet influence was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Ode written amid the Alps.

BY A LADY.

CREATION'S God! with thought elate,
Thy hand divine I see
Impress'd on scenes where all is great,
Where all is full of thee.

Where stern the Alpine mountains raise
Their heads of massive snow:
Whence, on the rolling storm I gaze
That hangs—how far below!

Where on some bold stupendous height
The eagle sits alone:
Or, soaring, wings his sullen flight
To haunts yet more his own.

Where the sharp rock the chamois treads,
Or slippery summits scales:
Or where the whitening snow-bird spreads
Her plumes to icy gales.

Where the rude cliff's steep column glows
With morning's tints of blue:

Or evening on the glacier throws
The rose's blushing hue.

Or where, by twilight's softer light,
The mountain shadow bends:
And sudden casts a partial night,
As black its form descends.

Where the full ray of noon, alone
Down the deep valley falls;
Or, where the sun-beam never shone
Between its rifted walls.

Where cloudless regions calm the soul;
Bid mortal cares be still;
Can passion's wayward wish controul,
And rectify the will.

Where, 'midst some vast expanse, the mind
Which swelling virtue fires,
Forgets that earth it leaves behind,
And to its heaven aspires.

Where far along the desart sphere
Resounds no creature's call:
And, undisturbing mortal ear,
The Avelanches fall.

Where, rushing from their snowy source,
The daring torrents urge
The loud-toned water's headlong course,
And lift their feather'd surge.

Where swift the lines of light and shade
Flit o'er the lucid lake;
Or the shrill winds its breast invade,
And its green billows wake.

Where, on the slope, with speckled dye,
The pigmy herds I scan;
Or soothed, the scatter'd chalets spy
The last abodes of man.

Or where the flocks refuse to pass,
And the lone peasant mows,
Fix'd on his knees, the pendent grass,
Which down the steep he throws.

Or, where the dang'rous path-way leads
High o'er the gulph profound;
From whence the shrinking eye recedes,
Nor finds repose around.

Where red the mountain-ash reclines
Along the clefted rock;
Where, firm, the dark unbending pines
The howling tempests mock.

Where, level with the ice-ribb'd bound,
The yellow harvests glow;
Or vales with purple vines are crown'd
Beneath impending snow.

Where the rich minerals catch the ray
With varying lustre bright;
And glitt'ring fragments strew the way
With sparks of liquid light.

Or where the moss forbears to creep,
Where loftier summits rear
Their untrod snows; and frozen sleep
Locks all th' uncolor'd year.

In every scene, where every hour
Sheds some terrific grace;
In nature's vast o'erwhelming pow'r,
Thee, Thee, my God I trace.

A Cantata.

AS through smiling vallies I stray,
Remorse follows close on my trace:
Ev'ry flow'r that enamels the way,
But proves me unthankful and base.

The bounty of God I descry,
In each varied production of earth:
Yet not these, nor yon day-star on high,
In my bosom gives thankfulness birth.

Pride whispers,—"such gifts are thy due;
"As a tribute receive them from heaven:
"The talent of Poesy too,
"To heighten thy pleasures was given."

Insensate! Let shame dye my cheek;
Sweet Poesy's harp I'll resign;
Or make the loved instrument speak
In praise of its donor divine.

Hail then nymph! with ardent eyes
Fix'd ever on thy native skies!
Hail, seraphic gratitude!
By thee inspired, these fingers rude

Shall boldly sweep the fervor-kindling string,
In praise of heaven's all kind, all bounteous king.

And while I chaunt his mercies here below,
While yet encumber'd with this mortal clod,
Shall my wrapt soul the joy of angels know,
The bliss of holding converse with its God.

The Middle Walk of Life.

ANGEL, who guard'st the middle walk of life,
To tread whose level paths, my fond heart beats,
Far from the thorny brakes of care and strife;
Guide me, O! guide me to thy calm retreats.

There may I wander from the beaten track,
Nor fear a snake will cross me in my way;
Still shall I find a path to bring me back,
Still find a shelter, wheresoe'er I stray.

Say, ye who love the mountain top to tread,
Though with insulting sweep ye pass me by,
Though you're exalted far above my head,
Are you in aught more fully blest than I?

Has the Great God his ev'ry blessing sent
To you, and left me destitute and poor?
Feel I not in me some equivalent?
Ah! Yes— content and peace: what need I more.

Thus, o'er the vi'let, the rank weed and thorn
Spread wide:—yet still it glows with lively blue;
It still breathes perfume: for at eve and morn
The breath of heav'n refreshes it with dew.

Verses written on the Close of the Year.

THANKLESS for favors from on high
Man thinks he fades too soon:
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His best concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages—if he might.

To ages, in a world of pain;
To ages, where he goes!
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose!

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour'd of its harm!
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And yet has pow'r to charm!

Whence has the world its magic pow'r;
Why deem we death a foe;
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And court a longer woe?

The cause is, conscience,—conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft:—
And dread of death ensues.

Then, anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evil, then seems light, compared
With the approach of death!

'Tis judgment shakes him!—There's the fear
That prompt's his wish to stay:
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay! follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace insures;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to yours.

The Contented Mechanic.

WEARIED with labors of the day,
And with contentment blest,
I pass the hours of night away
In calm and quiet rest.

I rise refresh'd; when morn appears,
And feel the blessing given;
Then offer up my fervent pray'rs
And grateful thanks to heaven.

Contented with a frugal meal,
No luxuries I crave:
And what concerns the common weal
In politics,—I wave.

The busy crowd I always shun,
Where vicious habits please;

Nor, till my task of labor's done,
Am perfectly at ease.

I close the day, well pleased to find
The hours that I employ
In useful labor, tune the mind
For more substantial joy.

Thus, to the end of life may I
A steady course pursue;
Content to live, prepared to die,
And bid the world adieu.

A Birth-Day Thought for Youth.

CAN I, all gracious providence!
Can I deserve thy care?
Ah! no: I've not the least pretence
To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
From dangers, and from death;
Been safe preserved from ev'ry ill,
E'er since thou gavest me breath.

I live once more to see the day
That brought me first to light:
O! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Though dazzling splendor, pomp, and show,
My fortune has denied:
Yet more than grandeur can bestow,
Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace;
Few miseries have I known;
And that I'm blest with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth, or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask, and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay:
Lord make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

On the Pleasures of Religion.

HOW fatally blind and mistaken are they
Who think pleasure confined to the young and the gay:
And suppose should religion their thoughts e'er employ,
They must, from that moment, bid farewell to joy:
That, if to her voice they should ever attend,
When religion begins, then their pleasures must end.
In pursuit of this phantom they'll hasten away,
In the morning to visits, at night to the play;
And think, in such pleasures if they had no share,
Life would be a burden too heavy to bear.
Ah! did they but know the true joys that we find,
When religion has taken fast hold of the mind,
They would see we're as fond of true pleasures as they;
'Tis her that we seek, 'tis her voice we obey:
'Tis this, only this, that our hearts can invite
To pray'r in the morning, to praises at night.

Resignation to the Divine Will.

LORD, through the dubious path of life,
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

Let others, swell'd with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boast:
Absent from thee, in life's wild maze
Soon would my soul be lost.

To thee, O my unerring guide!
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

Faith.

A SONNET.

HAIL, holy Faith! on life's wide ocean tost,
I see thee sit calm in thy beaten bark;
As Noah sat, throned in his high-borne ark,
Secure and fearless, while a world was lost!

In vain contending storms thy head enzone,
Thy bosom shrinks not from the bolt that falls;
The dreadful shaft plays harmless; nor appals
Thy stedfast eye, fix'd on Jehovah's throne.

E'en though thou saw'st the mighty fabric nod,
Of system'd worlds: thou bear'st a sacred charm
Graved on thy heart, to shelter thee from harm;
And thus it speaks—"Thou art my trust, O God!
" And thou canst bid the jarring powr's be still,
" Each pond'rous orb, like me, subservient to thy will!"

The Goodness of God.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extending frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Diffusing light, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around;
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand which made them shine
With various charms profusely gay.

For man and beast, here daily food
In wide, diffusive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the chrystal flood
In streams, sweet winding, gently flows.

By cooling streams, and softening showers,
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

The flow'ry tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him and adore.

The Good Man Happy.

HOW more than bless'd the Man! how truly wise!
Who from the paths of treach'rous pleasure flies;
Who laughs at honors, riches, pomp, and state,
Convinced the virtuous man alone is great;
That grandeur can't prevent the heart-felt sigh,
And wealth is oft but splendid poverty.

He knows how great a fine, how dear a price,
The rash-unthinking fool must pay for vice;
By flying pleasure, pleasure he enjoys;
Pleasure sincere, delight that never cloys:
Each night he calmly lays him down to rest,
By no tormenting loads of guilt oppress'd.
His hours, in one smooth, even current flow,
Unruffled, undisturb'd by heart-felt woe.
To him what joys the charms of nature yield!
The blushing garden and the verdant field;
The trees, whose leafy tops sublimely rise;
The distant hills that touch the bending skies;
The silent walk, whose shades the day exclude,
The sweet retreat of musing solitude.
What though in purple robes he cannot glare,
Yet virtue's decent garment he can wear:
What though a kingly crown is not his fate,
Crowns made in heav'n, on virtuous deeds await.

Their swift wing'd hours, while others idly waste,
Neglecting learning's sacred spring to taste,
He largely quaffs the pure delightful stream;
While o'er his soul bright rays of knowledge beam.
He ne'er is seen where luxury presides,
Who, poison in her tempting treasures hides:
He shuns th' enticing harlot's lewd embrace,
And thence he shuns disease, remorse, disgrace.

Sweet blooming child of virtue, smiling health
Is his—a blessing greater far than wealth;
Than gilded pageantry, and glaring state,
And all the boasted honors of the great.
O'er others faults he kindly throws a veil,
Content those faults in secret to bewail:
Unlike the wretch who every where reveals
The frailties cautious charity conceals;
Who, eager that his neighbor's crimes be known,
Displays, with greater certainty, his own.

What is't to him, vain folly's ideot grin?
What all the scoffs and taunts of hell-born sin?
Whom wisdom has determined for her own,
And virtue, heaven's bright offspring, calls her son.
Shall one of such descent, such heavenly birth,
Envy, however great, the sons of earth?
Shall not his heart with pity overflow
To see the proud so mean, the great so low?
Thus when an angel on some high behest,
Forsakes the golden mansion of the bless'd,
The wing'd celestial smiles at mortal things,
And views with pity, (what men envy,) Kings.

The sons of profanation he detests,
Those witty fools, whose arguments are jests;
Who, for a laughing hour, heaven's joys forego,
And weep eternally with fiends below.

Passion and prejudice he lays aside,
And truth's worst enemy, vain reasoning pride;
No superstitious doubts his soul affright;
Should reason err—he knows his heart is right.
When the pale tyrant, Death, with threat'ning hands,
Before his couch, in form terrific, stands;
Virtue shall chace the tyrant from his bed,
And place a lovely angel in his stead;
Who, when the fatal conflict is no more,
Shall bear his soul to heaven's all-peaceful shore.

Epigram,

BY DR. DODDRIDGE.

On his Motto,—"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

"LIVE while you live," the epicure will say,
"And take the pleasures of the present day:"—
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."—
Lord! in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure, while I live to THEE!

*Ode on the King's Recovery.**

ANNO 1789.

———Redeunt Saturnia regna. *Virgil.*

O BE not mute, my rural lyre!
Upon this blest, auspicious day;
But, simplest of the tuneful choir,
Thy heart-born tribute pay.
Quick to rapture, every eye
Glistens with the pearl of joy;
Britain, all her shores along,
Spreads the universal song:
Pride burns his pedigree; and, rank forgot,
Th' imperial palace bows, and mingles with the cot.

* This ode was written, and published on the spur of the occasion, previous to a general illumination, by which it was intended to commemorate this event. The author meant at once, to evince his own gratitude, and to beseech the forbearance of the public, towards a class of Dissenters, whose principles forbid them, to demonstrate the satisfaction of the heart, by exterior fire and flame. It therefore appeared in the Sheffield Register; a paper, which hath, since the emigration of its former editor, assumed the title of the IRIS; and which is pre-eminently distinguished amongst provincial prints, by the genius of its present owner, and editor, JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sure 'twas the high behest of Heaven,
Th' allegiance of these isles to prove;
The dread eclipse was only given
To try a nation's love.
Your harps from off the willow-bough,
Reach, O ye sons of Judah! now!
Sound, sound the trumpet, loud and clear!
Let every choral maid be near!
And, as united in the suppliant hour,*
Unite with us, your praise, to Heaven's high gate to pour.

The sun of glory beams, elate,
O'er every British roof his ray;
Where swept the black clouds, aggregate,
Their night-producing way.
For sighs, for vows, for prayers preferr'd,
Hark! hark! what cheering sounds are heard!
The spectres of Dismay are fled;
Balk'd Faction droops her hydra-head;
Exulting LIBERTY, in this great hour,
Lifts her bright eyes to Heaven, and owns th' ALMIGHTY POWER.

* Alluding to the public, well-known, prayers of the Jews.

See his loved sceptre sway'd on high,
The Monarch Britons wept e'er while;
Our mourning hearts, are turn'd to joy,
Our sorrows, to a smile.
Fires, and lamps, and tapers bright,
Raise the matron-veil of night:
Every sound of rapture gay,
Drives old Silence far away.
Learn, Europe! learn! and tremble at the voice,
That while her George shall reign, Britannia must rejoice!

Yet might, GREAT GEORGE! thine influence mild
Across thy barrier waves extend,
Rapine, would curb his coursers wild,
And desolation end.
Then, Rival powers would intertwine,
The Eagle with the Crescent join;
The Lion then, would view with pride,
Fair Lilies springing at his side:
Envy would die; the curse of war would cease;
And every clime would wave the olive-branch of peace.

O, deem not, Ye! who dress the night
With your factitious glories gay;

That any view, without delight,
The BLESSING of TO-DAY.
There are, who hold their Monarch dear,
Yet from the bright display forbear,
For that they love the shade of Quiet,
More than Joy's unholy Riot;
And think what fits a loyal Christian's part,
Are deeds of secret worth, and GRATITUDE of HEART.

B.

An Ode written on the Abolition of the African Slave Trade.

I JOY that ALBION rules the flood,
Sole Empress of the azure sea;
But, if that rule is built on blood,
ALBION! I weep for thee!
Dungeons floating-dark enfold
Mortals bought with *British Gold*,

Wrench'd from home, and dragg'd away,
To the blushing eve of day:
There, Nature, Mercy, Justice, plead in vain,
The *ebon cast* of God is sold to toil and pain.

Locke, Hampden, Sidney, ever blest!
And Milton! bright, distinguish'd name!
With all the sainted shades, that rest
Upon the lap of fame!
See that dear land, Ye loved of old,
Sunk to the merchant-love of gold;
The calculating statesman's eye
No moral fitness can descry;
With him, nor Truth, nor Virtue, ought avail,
One added guinea turns the basely-dubious scale.

My soul awaits th' exploding mine,
Some awful vengeance, near at hand;
To execute the wrath divine,
And scourge a guilty land.
Black the gathering tempests lour,
Britain marks th' impending hour;
Slumbering long, awaking late,
Marks accelerating fate;
She bids the man-trade cease: lo! brightening skies
Propitious, own the deed, and the black tempest flies.

Come to my hand, neglected lyre!
Unstrung for many a weary day,
Let TRUTH, TRIUMPHANT TRUTH, inspire
A renovated lay.
Mute is the miser's sordid plea,
Torn is the web of Sophistry;
Commercial Prejudice, no more
Envelopes, dark, the British shore;
Phantoms, avaunt! back to your native night!
The sun of Britain shines, in his own glory bright.

Day promised long, but, long delay'd,
At thine approach my pulse beats high;
Thou com'st, in purest beams array'd,
Fair daughter of the sky!
Never yet did orient gold,
Morn more bright with Hope unfold;
Ne'er did infancy, or Age,
In more lovely theme engage;
Since the GREAT LORD, of Glory, and of Love,
His high ascension held to radiant realms above.

Where Evening pensive sits and weeps;
Where low the breeze of sorrow blows;
Where warm dew, wrung from labor, steeps
Every plant that grows:
Sped the news across the wave,
Glows the bosom of the slave;

Fills with fire his hollow eye,
And thrills his breast with extacy:
Sweet to his soul th' unlook'd for tidings prove,
More sweet, than midnight-dreams, of liberty and love.

May the rude hurricane, no more,
Throned on crimson clouds arise!
Or, scattering death from shore to shore,
Blend ocean with the skies!
No longer shoot its feathery head,
The cane, by salt tears watered;
Stain'd by salt tears, no longer grow,
Gossipium's vegetable snow;
Nature is jubilant; and suns more bland
Play, with a milder beam, o'er Afric's injured land.

Day long deferr'd, yet long desired!
To break Oppression's massy chain
Thou com'st—in rainbow robes attired,
And Plenty in thy train.
The negro, taught himself to scan,
To think, and feel, *himself a man*,
No more from labor shall recoil,
Or turn with niggard tilth the soil,
But taught, at length, a Christian's faith to prove,
Shall own the Christian's GOD, to be, The GOD OF LOVE.

Hail! to that folk, of placid mein
Who worship God in silent awe;
Who tread in Faith's low path, serene,
And practise Gospel-law!
'Tis their best privilege of mind
To advocate for human kind;
'Twas they, who track'd th' unbeaten course,
Since trod so well by WILBERFORCE;
Forth from their camps, th' enormous guilt they hurl'd,
Then held their lamps aloft, to animate the world.

Let, BENEZET! thy gentle shade
Now look, benignant from the sky:
This holy triumph, may pervade
The azure fields on high:
Who bids HIS servant sun display
The light, and energy, of day,
'Tis HE, and only HE, can know
The victor-spirit's conscious glow;
HE gave to burn th' unconquerable flame;
And bosoms yet unborn shall heave at CLARKSON's name.

Humanity, with suppliant air,
"Rise! rise my son!" to Clarkson cried;
He, roused Oppression from his lair,
Nor left him till he died.

He, slighting sleep, and slighting food,
Sought but the luxury of good;
He scorning pleasure, scorning pain,
Would toil, and toil, and toil again;
And all t' arouse the monster from his den,
And bid the beast deform, endure the moral ken.

May he who hail'd, in happier days
His king restored, on rustic reed;*
Now hail, with more emphatic praise,
That king, A KING INDEED!
GREAT GEORGE! if any act of thine,
Can stamp thy memory, divine;
If aught can write a monarch's name,
Immortal on the scroll of Fame;
That word, which bad the Slave-trade, "CEASE TO BE!"
That word shall work the wreath, a glorious wreath, for THEE.

'Tis not enough, Ye, patriot breasts
Who hold the weal of Britain dear!
'Tis not enough, that law arrests
The merchant's rash career:
That freight abhorr'd, which Rapine gave,
Long, long opprest th' Atlantic wave;

* Alluding to the preceding Ode.

And long the red-cross was display'd,
To sanction Britain's bloody trade:
Come! Mercy! come! thy radiant task begun,
Let Afric now rejoice, by BRITISH CULTURE won.

It comes, at length, the lingering hour,
Foretold by bards, by seers profound;
Redeeming Love, Creative Pow'r,
On Niger's brink resound:
Gospel tidings, shall inspire
On Gambia's banks, a holy fire;
There, raptured Age, and ardent Youth,
Shall hail the advent beams of TRUTH:
Cease, bloody rites! thick darkness! roll away!
He comes, MESSIAH comes, and brings TH' ETERNAL DAY.

B.

On Conscience.

IN vain I seek the shades of night,
And wish to sin retired from sight,—
A witness dwells within my breast,
Who sees and will my crimes attest.
Conscience, the purest of the train,
Since all our powers received a stain,
Preserves a taste of Eden still,
Nor quite neglects her Master's will.
When sin is yet but half design'd,
How she restrains my forward mind;
And if the trespass I pursue,
With blushing 'tis, and trembling too.
When to my God I dare appeal
How much I long to know his will,
'Tis Conscience bids my comforts rise,
As when the morning gilds the skies.
But when my guilty passions sway,
And lead my faithless heart away,
Lord, how she wounds my rebel soul,
Till grace descends, and makes me whole.
She, when the Judge shall rend the sky,
Will bid me rise to joy on high;

Or boldly tax me with my sin.
And publish all I thought within.
'Tis she the dreadful sentence reads
On every sinner's guilty deeds;
And to their punishment, supplies
The gnawing worm that never dies.

The Path of the Christian.

O, TELL me not of splendors gay,
Of ball-rooms that eclipse the day!
A night, which nothing can beguile,
Awaits their glittering pomps the while.
'Tis not on Pleasure's fairy ground
The flowers of Eden can be found;
'Tis not in Science, not in Wealth,
To feed the soul's eternal health.

Dead to the world, to fame unknown,
The humble Christian walks alone;
He loves a noiseless path to tread,
He loves to press the cottage-bed;

So when, long-wish'd, his end is near,
In angel-robes shall Hope appear:
When good and ill have pass'd him by,
Faith shall illume his closing eye.

However high, however low,
Who would not wish this end to know?
However rich, however poor,
Wish for this end, and wish no more?
Give me, oh! give me, LORD ON HIGH!
With thine own righteous seed *to die!*
And therefore, to thy creature give,
With thine own righteous seed *to live!*

B.

The Death of the Righteous.

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest:
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades, a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts, the eye of day;
So dies, a wave along the shore.

Triumphant, smiles the victor-brow,
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing;
O Grave! where is thy victory now?
Invidious Death! where is thy sting?

A holy quiet reigns around;
A calm, which nothing can destroy;
Nought can disturb that peace profound,
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

Farewell! conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights, and shades, alternate, dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell! Inconstant World! Farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light, from its load, the spirit flies;
While Heaven, and Earth, combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies."

B.

The Contented Mind.

AN ODE.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I, in this sweet retirement, find
A joy unknown to Kings;
For sceptres, to a virtuous mind,
Are vain and empty things.

To Cincinnatus, at his plough,
More peace of mind was known,
Than Cæsar ever could avow
He felt upon his throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows;
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Thus, free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine!
That, pleased, when ye demand my life
My life I may resign.

True End of Life.

REFLECT that life, and death, affecting sounds!
Are only varied modes of endless being:
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone:
Not for itself, but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it: and that end is Virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away:
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserved;
And virtue cheaply saved, with loss of life.

The Dissolution of Universe.

AH! then shall yonder glorious King of day,
Cease to roll on in his diurnal way:
The silver moon, the radiant queen of night,
No more shall cheer us with reflected light:
And thou fair earth, our native seat below,
Shalt with a fiery desolation glow:
Yon golden stars from their vast orbs shall fall,
And universal ruin level all:
Yet shall the soul in self-existence tow'r
Smile on destruction, and defy its pow'r.

Address to the Deity.

UNFATHOM'D essence! universal mind!
Supporter wise of being's endless chain;
Led by no passions, to no parts confined,
Through vast immensity extends thy reign!

But where shall mortals find thy best loved seat,
In the wide palace, or the low roof'd cell?
In Europe's temperate clime, or Asia's heat,
Or where thy feather'd tribes, Columbia! dwell?

Or errs not man, when in his narrow thought
He bounds thy goodness to some favorite place?
Points out peculiar acts thy hand hath wrought,
To save the good, and extirpate the base?

Vain thought! to circumscribe the mind that reigns
Alike through nature's universal frame!
Through earth and sea, and æther's wide domains,
In all conspicuous, and in all the same!

To every land extend thy laws divine,
Which give to vice, its fit companion, woe;
And still to virtue its best meed assign,
That solid bliss, the virtuous only know.

The Immortality of the Soul.

WHEN the pale moon still slumber'd in her cave,
Nor moved her spirit murm'ring on the wave;
When not a zephyr on the vi'let stray'd,
No sun-beam wanton'd, and no shadow play'd,
The ONE existed.—At his mighty word
The waters felt; the depths of darkness heard;
The sun up sprang; and man first drank this air,
The Maker's image, and the Godhead's care;
Though born of earth, form'd nature to controul,
And if a mortal, of æthereal soul:—
Then see him fallen! must his hopes decay,
His transports fade, his thoughts dissolve away,
As flies the chaff upon the eastern wind,
And barely leave a passing wreck behind!—
O! did no angel's love, no Godhead's care,
Cherish the scion which it planted here?
Low with the clod, forgotten must it lie,
And blush and open, but to fade and die?
Ignoble thought! that HE, whose righteous sway
Directs the tear, and guides the golden day;

Who calls the tide from Ocean's farthest cave
For Man's support—Omnipotent to save!
Should destine, ere his fated course began,
Death to the soul, as to the nerves of man.

Can then the mercy, which in Egypt's tide
For man bad waves be still, and seas divide;
Which Sion led through desart shores afar,
By day her pillar, and by night her star;
Bid us through life's frail shoals and quicksands roam,
Yet not provide against our end—a Home?—
O no! to this his anxious creatures turn,
From where the dimpling beams on Ganges burn,
To where, hoarse Gambia! round thy nightly flow
The sable nations weep their chains of woe;
And, by their sighs, confess this truth imprest,
That hopes of heaven lie deep in every breast.

Nor vain these hopes; for not on man in vain
Was heap'd affliction, misery, and pain;
That through this life his wearied feet should stray,
Disease and death companions of his way;
Yet no hereafter live, to soothe his woe,
Or recompence the tears he shed below.

For what is life, that it creates a sigh
To leave this dreary region, and to die?

Awhile it smiles—The raging whirlwinds sweep;
Spent are our joys, and all our sorrows weep:
Health, Youth, and Hope, in gloomy silence flown,
And only *sorrow left us for our own.*

The Orphan's Prayer.

O THOU! the helpless Orphan's hope,
To whom, alone, mine eyes look up,
In each distressing day!
Father! (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame)
Instruct this heart to pray!

Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine, to mark my woe;
No hand, to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice, to hush my fears,
Remains to me below.

To heaven my earthly friends are gone,
And thither are my comforts flown,
But I continue here!
Be thou my Patron—Thou my Guide!
This friendless heart from sorrow hide,
Reposing on thy care!

If I am spared throughout the span
That makes the narrow life of man,
And reach to hoary age;
Instruct me in thy holy will!
Teach me the duties to fulfil,
Of each successive stage!

But if thy wisdom should decree
An early sepulchre for me,
Father, thy will be done!
On thy dear bosom I rely;
And if I live, or if I die,
O leave me not alone!

The Feeling Heart.

AN ELEGIAC PETITION.

WHILE others ask for riches, or for fame,
If wise their wish, benign the boon impart;
Though different mine, their suit let others blame:
But, O! on me bestow the feeling heart.

Wide as the world of rationals, my soul,
Diffuse the generous and the heart-felt wish:
No creed, no clime, the rising flame controul,
But may it burn for universal bliss.

Teach me to feel the joy another knows,
And catch the sparkling radiance of his eyes:
And, while my breast with beams reflected glows,
Forbid pale envy's haggard train to rise.

True as the trembling needle to the pole,
Instruct my heart to turn to other's woe;
May equal sympathy affect my soul,
The while it turns, it always trembles too.

Though rudely pierced with many a vicious wound,
Still soft, still tender, be my feeling breast:
For every wretch, the generous tear be found;
The full sigh heaved, for every one distress'd.

Should pale disease my lonely cot invade,
And health my humble roof for ever fly;
Let not the selfish tear alone be shed,
Nor, unrelieved, the wretched wander by.

Should poverty's hard hand my power confine,
O let it ne'er contract the generous heart;
Teach me, the scanty pittance to resign,
And some small portion freely to impart.

When famish'd hunger craves the humble meal,
And shiv'ring nakedness calls loud for aid;
My smaller wants, forbid me then to feel,
Nor bear to see their humble suit denied.

When drooping melancholy claims my care,
And grief's dejected offspring wanders by;
If not remove their sorrows, may I share,
And speak a pitying word, or breathe a sigh.

Be it my grand employ, to calm distress;
To wipe the tear from off the mourner's cheek;
With lenient balm, to heal the wounded breast,
And consolation's sweetest love to speak.

Through all the varied scenes of changing life,
Ye pitying powers, this glad'ning boon impart;
All else, as best beseems, withhold or give,
But, O! deny me not the feeling heart.

On Piety.

HAIL! heavenly piety, supremely fair!
Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair;
Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe.
How blest the man, who leaves each meaner scene,
Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene!
Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight,
Whose bosom melts with more refined delight;
Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,
Can soar at once beyond the view of Time.

One To-day is worth two To-morrows.

Ah! who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow;
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe,
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah! who is ever sure
Though all that can the soul delight,
This hour enchants the wond'ring sight
These raptures will endure?

Is there, in life's dull toil,
One certain moment of repose;
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid reflection smile?

We seek Hope's gentle aid;—
We think the lovely phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flow'rs
Which blossom but to fade.

We court love's thrilling dart;
And when we think our joys supreme,
We find its rapture but a dream,
Its boon a wounded heart.

We pant for glittering Fame;
And when pale Envy blots the page,
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore;
And when we gain the golden prize,
And death appears—with aching eyes,
We view the useless store.

How frail is beauty's bloom,
The dimpled cheek, the sparkling eye;
Scarce seen before their wonders fly,
To decorate a tomb.

Then since this fleeting breath
Is but a zephyr of a day,
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death.

And let the generous mind
With pity view the erring throng;
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind.

For who, alas! shall say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow;
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe,
Diffuse a brighter ray.

Human Frailty.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own:

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

Praise for the Blessings of the Gospel.

AWAKE, my, muse, awake and sing
The praises of thy heavenly King;
Awake and join the sacred throng,
The Saviour's love demands thy song:

In grateful strains attune thy lyre,
And emulate th' Angelic choir;
Loudly the joyful news proclaim,
Salvation, is in Jesus' name!
Salvation! shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.
Tell very fearful trembling soul,
The Saviour's word shall make him whole;
Invite the indigent to come,
Jesus declares there still is room:
Jesus! that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts and dry their tears;
Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast,
And give the weary mourner rest:—
Jesus! my Prophet, Priest, and King!
To him in grateful strain I'll sing;
I'll praise him whilst I have my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
O may my happy spirit rise
To join the chorus in the skies!

God manifest in his Works.

GREAT is our God :—His works of might
To praise his glorious name unite ;
Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand,
And wait, obedient, his command.

His hand, unseen, sustains the poles,
On which the vast creation rolls ;
The starry skies proclaim his power ;
His pencil glows in every flower.

In various shapes and colors, rise
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes;
And beasts and birds, with lab'ring throat,
Teach us of God in every note.

Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

Hymn :

ON OCCASION OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A CORN-MILL, NEAR SHEFFIELD,

To be erected for the purpose of supplying the Members of Forty Sick-Clubs with flour and meal at reasonable prices.

November 5th, 1795.

TO God, most awful, and most High,
Who form'd the earth, the sea, the sky;
To Him on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs ascend.

Will He who hears the ravens cry
Reject our prayers and bid us die?
Will he refuse his help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field?

Pale Famine lifts, at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land;
Death stalks behind, her lingering slave,
And sinks in every step a grave.

But when He smiles the desert blooms;
New life is born among the tombs;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

Father of grace! whom we adore,
Bless thy large family The Poor:
The Poor on thee alone depend;
The Poor Man knows no other friend.

Content to live by toil and pain,
We seek not power, nor thirst for gain;
Thy choicer gifts on others shed,
The Poor Man only asks for Bread.

J. M.

Hymn:

ON LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE SHEFFIELD GENERAL INFIRMARY,

October 4th, 1797.

WHEN like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wander'd here,
Where'er he went affliction fled,
And sickness rear'd her fainting head.

The eye that roll'd in irksome night,
Behold his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosen'd tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

With bounding steps the halt and lame
To hail their great deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bow'd his head,
And spake the word that raised the dead.

Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lighten'd through the soul.

Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we will tread;
Like Him with willing hands dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

Hark! the sweet voice of Pity calls
Misfortune to these hallow'd walls;
The breaking heart, the wounded breast,
And helpless poverty distrest.

Here the whole family of woe
Shall friends, and home, and comfort know;
The blasted form, and shipwreck'd mind,
Shall here a tranquil haven find.

And thou, dread Power, whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favour'd mansion deign to bless;
The cause is *thine*,—O send success.

J. M.

The Lyre.

" Ah! who would love the Lyre!"

W. B. Stephens.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale:
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on ev'ry feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected;
Thus the pensive poet sung;
While, at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart!
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We must ever, ever part:
For in vain thy poet sings,
Woos in vain thy heavenly strings;
The Muse's wretched sons are born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
That which CÆSAR's soul possess'd,
That which heroes, kings have died for,
Glory!—animates my breast:
Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
Pour their death-defying notes:
'To arms!' they call: to arms I fly,
Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die!

" Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
Summons vengeance from the skies;
Flaming towns, and ravaged regions,
All in awful judgment rise!
O then, innocently brave,
I will wrestle with the wave;
Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

" Blow, ye breezes! gently blowing,
Waft me to that happy shore,
Where from fountains ever flowing,
Indian realms their treasures pour;
Thence returning, poor in health,
Rich in honesty and wealth,
O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

" Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
In their lowly dwellings sing:
Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
Undiscover'd as their spring,
I will scatter o'er the land
Blessings with a secret hand;
For such angelic tasks design'd,
I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers,
—Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in extacies expire;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre!
Lo! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis Jove that scatters lightening from a cloud!

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We will never, never part!—
Glory, commerce, now in vain,
Tempt me to the field, the main;
The Muse's sons are blest, though born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine?
And shall poverty deject me,
While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?
Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
Many a wrathful vial shed,—
Heaven gave this Lyre!—and thus decreed,
Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed!"

THE END.

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